



THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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JUST TO BEGIN WITH—

THEY HAVE COMPLETELY “**DONE**” THE NAVY!

Read This

GERMANY will have seven battleships in 1941—when England will have fifteen—BUT THIRTEEN OF OUR SHIPS WILL BE MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OLD—WHILE THE GERMAN SHIPS WILL BE NEW—and these German battleships will have a speed of twenty-six and thirty knots—whereas

BRITISH BATTLESHIPS WILL HAVE ONLY A SPEED OF TWENTY-THREE KNOTS—AND THE GUNS ON THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP WILL BE CONFINED TO THE OLD LIMIT—while GERMAN GUNS ARE MODERN. AND SO with the rest of the Fleet. New German destroyers are stronger THAN THOSE WE ARE PERMITTED TO POSSESS UNDER THE LONDON NAVAL TREATY (Craftily instituted by Ramsay MacDonald with the help of Mr. Baldwin to destroy us).

SO— IF WAR CAME— we should have an OLD WORN-OUT FLEET to combat MODERN, FAST, WELL-EQUIPPED SHIPS—and Germany’s coast line is only nine hundred miles while the British Empire HAS eighty-five thousand miles WHICH MUST BE DEFENDED.

THIS IS WHAT THE “NATIONAL” GOVERNMENT HAVE “DONE” FOR THE
NAVY!

And these men are now going to the Country—asking you to vote for them again to enable them to carry on this evil work of DESTRUCTION.

HALF A NAVY

"We have only about half a Navy."

The First Lord of the Admiralty, August 5, 1935

On November 21st, 1918, the German high sea fleet surrendered to the British Navy at Scapa Flow.

At that moment the British Navy was supreme on every sea. That supremacy had been bought at the price of thousands of British lives and should have been a sacred trust for those who ruled this country.

What has happened since?

The policy of surrender and sentimentalism has wasted all that the courage and skill of British sailors had won. Bleating about peace our rulers pursued one-sided disarmament until they themselves had to confess that they had disarmed beyond the limit of safety.

In 1894 Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, determined to reduce the British Navy. In those days our Navy was always equal to the next two biggest foreign Navies and, as "Odysseus" points out in the current "National Review" it was recognised as the "sure shield" of the whole British Empire.

Mr. Gladstone's proposals were rejected by Admiral Sir Frederick Richards, then First Sea Lord, and by the other Sea Lords and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, declared himself ready to resign with his Board if the Navy was weakened. Mr. Gladstone's proposals for reducing the Navy at that time never saw the light of day.

During past years there has been no First Lord of the Admiralty brave enough to insist on the maintenance of our first line of defence. Ramsay MacDonald's talk about ratios and mutual disarmament has resulted in the weakening of our own strength and the increase of that of foreign powers.

We have entered into an agreement with Germany that she should have 35 per cent. of our Naval forces. Germany is a power which can concentrate her Fleets in the North Sea while this country has her ships spread far and wide over the whole face of the Globe.

In the War the German submarines very nearly ruined all that both by sea and land was being accomplished by our Fleets and Armies. The Government have ignored that warning and are quite content that Germany should build submarines at its own sweet will.

It is a shameful thing that our power on the Seas should drop to its lowest at a moment when there is a vast majority of Conservatives in the House of Commons.

The Scandal of Our Air Defence

(Reading this account in the "Evening News" makes one's heart ache with pity and indignation for the shameful pass to which this Government have brought the country.)

BOMBERS making early morning raids during the "black-out" of Portsmouth and the surrounding neighbourhood in the early hours of last Wednesday attacked the city and dockyards almost with impunity.

Time after time they penetrated the defended area undetected, the first indication of their whereabouts being a Verey light used as an indication that they were dropping "bombs."

One squadron of aircraft, made up of eleven bombers and ten other aeroplanes, attacked an area of, roughly, one thousand square miles. It was defended by volunteer observers and seven Territorial Army units with fifty searchlights.

The object of the raid, I was told, was to test the co-operation between the observers and the Army, and to show the time taken between the first report of a raid and the preparations made to defeat the raiders.

Only a few gun positions in the area were manned, but no guns were fired and no defending fighters rose to check the attackers.

In addition to these favours the raiders had an ideal night for their venture, with just the right amount of mist to make the work of the defenders extremely difficult.

Residents of Portsmouth joined heartily in the idea of the black-out, and there were few lights in the city after one o'clock. Cars passing through with headlights shining were stopped by the police and asked to use only side lights.

The only available light in most of the hotels in the small hours was an electric torch.

The one "dangerous" light I saw in the city was one which, of all places, blazed immediately outside the dockyard gates, and it was after 2 a.m. before it was extinguished.

The raiders came from all directions until 5 a.m., when the attack was officially called off, and it then appeared as if they had won an easy victory.

From various vantage points in the city I heard the attackers droning overhead, sometimes singly and sometimes in formation.

It seemed as though about half of them were detected by the searchlights, the rest getting clean away after bombing.

On innumerable occasions there was no searchlight shining in the vicinity of the attacker until he had dropped his Verey light to show his position.

At Government House reports of attacks came through with monotonous regularity, and the bombers must have played havoc with Gosport and the dockyards at Southampton and Portsmouth.

Observers were stationed in an area the outlying points of which were Niton (Isle of Wight), Sway to the west, Chichester to the east, and Winchester to the north.

They were connected by direct telephone to their headquarters at Winchester, which was also connected with the fortress operations room at Southsea.

As soon as the observers reported a raider, and had given an idea as to its direction and height, the alarm was given from Southsea and searchlights criss-crossed the sky to find the attackers—if they could.

I understand that the officers who watched the raids consider that the attackers scored an overwhelming victory.

Of the forty odd attacks made, it is estimated that not more than two could have been engaged by gunfire, because they were not picked up by the searchlights.

The test should prove to the War Office also that the Territorials are lacking in adequate equipment, for their searchlights were far from being sufficiently powerful.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Futility of the League

The Paris talks come to an abrupt end. Nothing was expected and nothing was effected. Italian opinion, which has now reached a high state of sensitiveness, is further inflamed against Britain, and Signor Mussolini is more than ever determined to occupy Abyssinia.

If our Government would only stop being internationalists and become psychologists they would realise that Signor Mussolini could not now alter his plans, even if he would. No nation worth its salt is going to be dictated to by any other nation or combination of nations.

A few troublesome pacifists may utter truculent yelps, but the great mass of British people have only feelings of friendship for the Italians and admiration for their leader. Moreover, in so far as he knows or cares anything about it at all, the average Briton entirely sympathises with Italy's Abyssinian aims. Our history being what it is, we can hardly, unless we are a nation of case-hardened hypocrites, do otherwise.

It is not Britain that is threatening or has any idea of threatening Italy. It is the League of Nations. Unfortunately the British Government, by its lack of psychology and tact, has acted in a way in respect of the League that has caused the hyper-sensitive Italians to direct their fire not at the League but at us. We may expect in the future, if the League is allowed to remain in being, to have the wrath of other nations similarly directed against us.

For that reason, if for no other, it is imperative for the safety and prestige of this country that we get out of the League and stay out. The League is dead; let us, for heaven's sake, bury it instead of sending Mr. Eden forth in an effort to revive it.

Signor Mussolini is resorting to a war with Abyssinia as an instrument of policy, and he makes no bones about it. He returns to the international technique that has been followed by all the nations of the world since time immemorial

—and by none more successfully than by Britain. With one swift kick he consigns to the scrap-heap all the high-falutin ideas that the League adopts, but has never in fact had any power to enforce.

And nobody would be a penny the worse for it, the war clouds would be strictly confined to the Abyssinian horizon if only Britain and France would draw a deep breath and say to Signor Mussolini: "You are right. Germany is right. Japan is right. The United States has always been right. Even Costa Rica is right. The League of Nations is a dangerous nuisance. It causes the nations to think worse of each other than they otherwise would, is utterly incapable of doing any of the things it was intended to do, and is popular only with a few insignificant nations which are anxious to get something to which they are not entitled and fondly believe that an appeal to the League is a bluff that may work."

Evening News.

The Bishop of Exeter's Warning

A pronouncement on war or peace by a member of the Cecil family is not likely to be unfairly prejudiced against the League of Nations. Yet the Bishop of Exeter, a brother of Viscount Cecil, the head of the League of Nations Union, stated categorically at Paignton recently that he considered war between Italy and Abyssinia practically inevitable.

The Bishop then proceeded to utter a grave warning. "When the flame of war begins," he stated, "we cannot tell where it will end. Europe is just a mass of inflammatory material and any one might throw the fatal spark."

No words could be truer and, coming from a man who has travelled widely and who has gained a profound knowledge of post-war Continental problems, they have an added weight. Now that the abortive Three Power Conference in Paris is dead and buried it will be well if our politicians remain in their own country and refrain from meddling in other people's disputes.

Reckless Pacifists

It is obvious that no good can come of Mr. Eden's Continental peregrinations, the only effect of which is to accentuate differences between old and trusted friends and which might easily involve us in some ill-considered adventure for which the country is neither anxious nor prepared.

Meanwhile, the Government would do well to restrain the activities of the League of Nations Union, whose leaders, once reputed to be men of ability and far-sightedness, have disclosed that they possess the mentality of peevish children.

Nothing except war could possibly result from the policy which the Union is urging. These bellicose pacifists are demanding "collective action" against Italy and, without taking thought of the consequences, are talking blandly of "Sanctions," "proceedings under the Covenant" and "any action, however drastic."

**

Mind our own Business

The Socialists, not to be outdone in the matter of recklessness, have gone further and, in the latest official issue of their Notes for Speakers, are demanding that we should immediately commit an act which would be tantamount to a declaration of war with Italy by closing the Suez Canal to her. That this would involve a violation of the Treaty of 1888 and that the French happen to be the largest shareholders in the Canal and would, doubtless, have something to say on the subject, they carefully overlook.

Controlling as we do nearly thirteen million square miles of the earth's surface, we have surely enough to occupy us in developing our own Empire. As the *Daily Mail* points out, we should resolutely avoid all European entanglements and devote ourselves to putting our own house in order.

Any other policy is certain sooner or later to lead to the conflagration which the Bishop of Exeter fears.

**

League Futility

The futility of any action taken through the League is even pointed out by the *Observer*, and Mr. Garvin makes the obvious point that the Duce



has gone so far already and made so many speeches that he could not give way under pressure from any other Power without committing

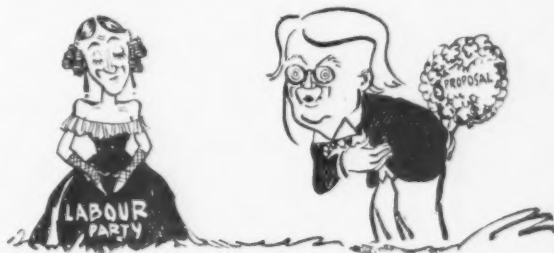
political suicide. Some of the reasons for the Italians wishing for war, such as to gain a spectacular victory in order to erase the memory of Adowa, may seem strange to us—the French might as well attack us to wipe out the memory of the Battle of Agincourt—but it must not be forgotten that Italy has received considerable provocation from Abyssinia, whose frontier tribes the Government at Addis Ababa has utterly failed to control and who repeatedly disturb the peace of the Italian Colonists.

Further than this, Signor Mussolipi may well feel the need of a national enthusiasm fanned by the prospect of conquest abroad to relegate to the background the very serious economic position with which the country is faced. What this position will be after a war which, even if successful, is sure to be expensive, is more than doubtful. It took the French many years to pacify Morocco; the Italian adventure, complicated as it is by climatic difficulties, may be even more protracted.

**

L.G. goes a Courting

In spite of disclaimers and flat contradictions there seems very little doubt that Mr. Lloyd George is flirting with the Labour Party. Mr.



Hannen Swaffer, the *Daily Herald* Special Correspondent who, clad in Bardic robes, has been attending the Welsh Eisteddfod at Carnarvon took advantage of the occasion to have a cosy chat with the wizard.

The sage stated that it was his firm conviction that, if he and the Labour Party could agree not to fight each other in certain Constituencies, a "Government of the Left" would be almost a certainty.

Whatever the views of the Labour Mandarins, there is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George, who, having been scorned once, cares for nothing except the defeat of the National Government, is trying with all his might to come to an agreement. Whether the Labour Party would be wise to submit to the blandishments of so accomplished a courtier is another matter and one with which we are only indirectly concerned. Mr. Lloyd George is a charming political wooer, but a bad husband; and the Socialist dame seems to have developed a high regard for the sanctity of the marriage vows, particularly as she will be expected to provide most of the settlement.

The Serpent in Eden

BY

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

which was to have appeared
on this page has been banned

Heave That "Anchor," Mr. Baldwin

By Comyns Beaumont

THE very dangerous situation which has developed with our old ally and friend, Italy, is entirely due to the wanton action of the British Government, in their efforts to galvanise life into the moribund body of the League of Nations. To interfere with Mussolini means war with Italy. Are the Government prepared for this? Mussolini's dream of another Roman Empire is no affair of ours.

But, because of the "National" Government's dog-like allegiance to the League, its wretched Covenant being its "Sheet-anchor" policy, as Mr. Baldwin most unwisely boasted almost immediately after he became Prime Minister, we are placed in a situation which may threaten our very existence. The League has become an obsession to the present Ministers, who apparently cannot see that with the exodus of nations like America, Japan, Germany and now Mussolini's "NO," the League is in a state of *rigor mortis*. Even Mr. Lloyd George, who was formerly one of its idealist advocates, now describes it as a hopeless paralytic. Everybody except the Pacifists, comprising a handful of the population, and the Government, *although elected by Conservative votes* to carry out what was believed would be a Conservative policy in Foreign Affairs, recognises that this country's continued adherence to the League will drag us into war for which we are totally unprepared, and as a result bring about a conflagration in Europe.

A DASTARDLY THREAT

Mr. Anthony Eden's only idea of "diplomacy" is either to threaten or to bribe and has so disgusted Mussolini that he will not even answer his senseless messages, but he meets words by deeds by calling up fresh divisions of troops. Eden has hinted to M. Laval that if he cannot support our views in regard to the League Covenant and join with us to menace Italy we shall not support French policy in maintaining the stability of Europe, a most dastardly threat, never before even heard of in the annals of English diplomacy, which would certainly lead to upheaval if followed. In eleven days' time, on September 4th, it appears that the British Government seriously contemplates "sanctions of some kind," on their own initiative but applied at our expense and risk.

Had the present Government kept its nose out of the business of great and friendly nations, and instead had shown equal energy in maintaining the supremacy of the British nation and the Empire that they have shown in dragging it down, the stability of Europe and the continuance of world peace would have been insured for many years. It has, however, pursued this Will-o'-the-

Wisp, the Geneva Covenant with its exploded scheme of collective security, which at the first call turns out to be an empty illusion. And it is this Will-o'-the-Wisp that Mr. Baldwin proudly proclaims as the "Sheet Anchor" of the Government's foreign policy!

If Mr. Baldwin, or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or both, intend to apply at Geneva for "sanctions" against Italy, Conservative Members of Parliament must do their duty and put a stop to this foolery and call for a special session to defeat such a mad project. "Sanctions" mean War and nothing less. It can be seen why Mr. Baldwin holds so obstinately to the support of the League. The League advocated disarmament, and accordingly the Government cut down our Navy, Army and Air Force to a position far below the danger mark. The League, through its worthless "Covenant," proposed collective security, but every nation has feverishly re-armed except ourselves. Mr. Baldwin and his friends have played with the question of re-armament, always banking on this "collective security" pact instead.

HEADING FOR DISASTER

Every line of the Government's policy has been therefore based on false principles. Mussolini has called their bluff, as Japan and Germany did previously, and Mr. Baldwin has been found out. Mr. Baldwin's "Sheet Anchor" has dragged and must now be heaved, for the ship of State is drifting on the rocks, although the Prime Minister is yet trying to make the nation believe that it is secure. It is a case of the Internationalist and Pacifist mind trying to escape the inevitable time when shams and subterfuges are found out, immediately they are faced by realities. With the collapse of the League of Nations, overboard goes Mr. Baldwin's flotsam and jetsam in the shape of his disarmament policy, his collective security pacts, his pretence that wars can be avoided by disarmament. The collapse of the League shows once again, if it be needed, how dangerous as counsellors are Mr. Baldwin and his friend, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. They have brought Britain to the verge of ruin.

If the Government carry their insanity to the lengths of proposing "economic sanctions" to Italy, such as closing the Suez Canal to her nationals, whatever steps Members of Parliament may take, it is certain that a realisation of the facts will cause a revolt of the nation as it did when Mr. Lloyd George tried to drag us into a quarrel with Turkey.

The British nation have the most profound admiration for Mussolini—who has dragged Italy from out of the mud and made her one of the fore-

most nations in Europe. We have no quarrel with Italy and no reason for making war with her to please the League of Nations, and any attempt of the Government to use the national resources should result in the immediate overthrow of the Government.

This may not be a wholly unmixed evil if as a

result it led to the overthrow of the present Ministry and a clean sweep of the political pirates who have captured the Conservative machine. It would probably end in a reconstruction on Conservative lines with Conservatives in office, and a genuine Conservative policy, which is what the country is asking for.

The Gallant Britannia

By a Naval Correspondent

BBRITANNIA, which has just been laid up for the season, is forty-two years old. Though this is not a tremendous age as yachts go, it is phenomenal for a boat which still races in first-class company. The average life of one of the big cutters as a racer is about twelve or fourteen years, though many of them retire into honourable obscurity as cruisers.

But Britannia comes up year after year with a gallantry which endears her to our hearts. And, what is more, she can still win races on her day. It is little wonder that she is the most famous racing yacht in the world. She was designed in a period when boats carried comparatively short masts and very long booms, and set an enormous amount of canvas. She races now when the theory has swung right round to the opposite point of view, but she is by no means outclassed. And that is the wonderful thing about her. Season after season she races with the big class, yet her great age does not appear to be any very great handicap.

She was designed and built in 1893, when yachting was at its peak. They were golden days then, the days of Valkyrie, Satanita, Vigilant, Calluna, and a host of others whose names take an honoured place in yachting history. G. L. Watson, the prince of designers, drew her lines and superintended her building, and when she took the water, she drew a gasp of admiration from the crowd watching her launch. Her first races were against Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie, which was built as a challenger for the America's Cup, and she won the series with some ease. And her first season was a triumph.

When the King took Britannia over in 1910, she had retired temporarily from first-class racing. The sport at that time was in the doldrums owing to the appearance of many freak boats designed to cheat the rating rules. Most of the big cutters had retired more or less in protest at the poorness of the sport offered. Britannia was fitted out as a cruising yacht and the King used to satisfy his love of sailing in this way.

But Britannia was to stage a great come-back. In 1920, when the war had killed all yacht racing, he fitted his yacht out again for racing. It was a courageous decision and it made three or four others follow his lead. And so the sport was reborn. It has since gone from strength to strength until to-day we find seven of these great boats turning out regularly for a season's racing.

Britannia, Endeavour, Velsheda, Shamrock, Candida, Astra and Westward. They are a magnificent fleet and they provide an emphatic denial to all those pessimists who, a few years ago, prophesied the death of the big racing cutter.

Racing in the big class is the noblest and most exhilarating of sports. The huge spread of canvas, the long, clean lines of the hull, the sensation of speed through the water, these give a thrill that can be experienced nowhere else. A big cutter is a beautiful sight as she heels over to the wind. Her progress is so effortless and her lines blend into the water which is her medium.

Britannia, with her famous black hull, is known to thousands. In her time she has sailed hundreds of thousands of miles. She has raced all round the coasts from Harwich to the Clyde. She used to race regularly in the South of France during the early part of her career. And she races still. No regatta is complete without her. It doesn't matter, from the public's point of view, whether she wins or not. It is the sight of her that counts most. She holds a place in the public heart that no other yacht can ever usurp.

When the King raced in her at Cowes this season, there was a greater concourse of yachts there than ever before. It was the Jubilee Season, and yachtsmen from all over the world came to cheer a King whose favourite sport is the same as theirs. They came to cheer Britannia too, the gallant yacht which has seen and made so much yachting history.

While Britannia lasts, the sport can never die. She is so famous a boat that she attracts others to the game and ensures its continued life. We still breed seamen capable of sailing these fine ships, and there is no dearth of owners whose love of the sea engenders a desire to try this wonderful sport. It is a sport that never palls, but which only grows in intensity with each succeeding season.

The King's love of his yacht is well known. There was a suggestion during the early part of this year that the nation should present him with a new cutter as a Jubilee gift. But no new boat could ever mean so much to him as does the old "Britty." She has been reprieved to race again and everyone is hoping that she will continue to carry his colours to victory in the future as successfully as she has done in the past. She is loved and admired by all of us as only a gallant and beautiful ship could be.

GIN AND "IT"

They tell me that the League of Nations,
Whose peaceful labours never cease,
Occasionally pours libations
To that distracted goddess, Peace.
But though the League enjoys a quick one
Like other people, you'll omit,
Unless your brain's a passing thick one
To offer it a gin and "It."

The tippie that they call Geneva,
Is brewed to-day by Leman's Lake;
For half a sovereign you'll receive a
Bottle of quite the finest make.
The swart Italian still produces
Vermouth. There's good in either brew;
The League's is good and so's the Duce's,
But now you cannot mix the two.

Geneva is at outs with Musso,
And Musso can't abide the League;
It pulla de bluff, it maka de fusso,
It shaka de fist, it talka beeg.
Not that that troubles Mussolini;
He, too, to words doth oft repair;
But when Il Duce talks, I ween he
Means it; the League's just empty air.

And so the game goes on. The Suez
Canal is full of guns and 'planes,
For Mussolini means to do his
Stuff when September stops the rains,
And somewhere—maybe at Adowa,
The hairy Ethiop bides his hour,
All unaware that Rome is now a
Well-armed and highly warlike Power.

In rocky haunts of goat and ibex,
And wastes unnaturally dry,
Lurks many a Negus and his tribe ex-
Pecting an easy victory,
While far away the Fascist pilot
Tunes up his ultra-modern plane,
And thinks "The foe, when I've dropped my lot,
Won't wait for me to come again."

Meanwhile, the cohorts of Geneva,
Sheer humbug's profitable hive,
Is meekly waiting to receive a
Wallop from which it can't survive.
Japan, America and Germany
Are out. If Italy goes, too,
No elder statesman will affirm any
Hope that the rest can see it through.

And Mr. Eden—Trapesing Tony—
To home and Downing Street doth steer,
Mid shouts (in French) of "The Boloney!"
Ringing in his Quixotic ear.
"Act if you will, but you'll be lonely.
The League's a dead one," he will cry.
And that will be all right, if only
Our Government will let it die.

HAMADRYAD.

If You Want Peace—

"For it was the Sea that, from our beginnings, directed our imaginings. It was the Sea that waited on us the world over, till our imaginings became realities—till our mud-creeks at home grew to be world-commanding ports and our remotest landing-places the threshold nations. It is the Sea that has given us the cutting-edge to our imagination, the nerve that meets all manner of trouble."

[Rudyard Kipling to a shipping assembly in Liverpool.]

TROUBLE is upon us again both East and West, only to find our "cutting-edge" outworn and blunt, our once potent "nerve," as even the First Sea Lord feels it, atrophied and lifeless since (as Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield mourned), "both at Washington and in London it has gone through surgical operations." That same great officer—who so rarely speaks in public—was Beatty's Flag Captain in all his thrilling "Lion" fights, he is moreover, the Navy's foremost gunnery expert. By 1937, he warns us, some units of our Battle Fleet will be *thirty-six years old!* And if (in a time of "trouble") they should be driven off their post by the next strongest weapon, such as the cruiser, say, in the English Channel: "What would become of this country and of the British Empire?"

Our people do not heed their First Sea Lord. Neither do they heed his civilian chief, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, who sees "*only about half a Navy!* . . ." So accustomed are they to being sheltered through the ages by the Navy, that they forget it—just as they forget the very air they breathe!

"If you read history," the First Lord went on, "you will find that nearly always in peace time people have let down the Navy, and then, when they found it could not carry out its duties, some-

one was hanged." Since 1914 we had cut our supreme defence "to the bone." Our naval tonnage had crumbled away by 47 per cent. In the same time, America's had gone up 29 per cent. and Japan's by 37 per cent.

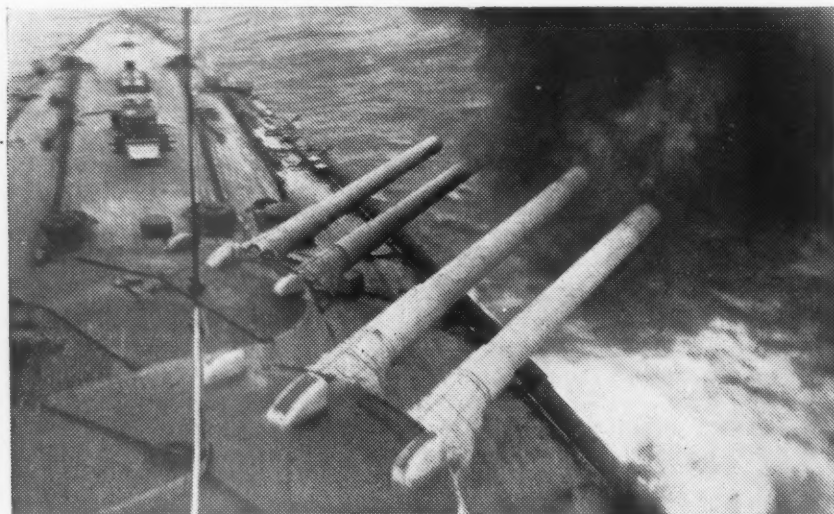
Yet our Flag covers one-fourth of the globe and all its races. We have 80,000 miles of the sea-lanes to patrol. Each day 110,000 tons of merchandise comes in, and 50,000 tons of food reaches our shores. Our annual trade exceeds £2,000,000,000 a year and the naval insurance on this colossal turnover is barely 2½ per cent. In the face of these facts what are we to say to babblers who would have us grown feebler still *pour encourager les autres?*

Let these "well-meaning" foes of their country and true friends of war, mark Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield's quiet words: "Our great naval strength lies not only in the *active* might of the Fleet, but also in its latent power—not only in operations of War, but in the counsels of Peace as well." Which is to say, that the strong man armed has prestige and sway when he speaks; his diplomacy can forestall the going off of guns.

This lesson is as old as the world, yet we have a talent for forgetting—though Napoleon's lament alone should make us remember. "In all my plans, I have always been thwarted by the British Fleet."

More recent—and already out of mind—are Germany's "plans" for *Seeherrschaft*. In a single month of 1917, 196 British vessels, great and small, were blasted and sunk; in that one dark year no fewer than 1,134 of them went to the bottom. Meanwhile our housewives stood in line with their ration-cards, and our King could only offer America's Ambassador (Walter Hines Page) "just one egg a-piece, and so much bread!"

A new weapon, a merciless ethic of "civilisation" shook us then as seismic convulsion shook the doomed city of Quetta in the night. "Here comes the Submarine," as our Prime Minister of that terrible time can grimly recall to-day. "It was something that nobody had ever dreamed the power of." Mr. Lloyd George continues in sombre vein. "We were face to face with starvation! Aye—and with what many of us would regard as worse: national humiliation, having to sur-



"If ever the British Navy proves unequal to its task—God help the peace of the world!"

Prepare for War

By ..

Ignatius
Phayre

render to an arrogant enemy because we could not feed our population. I do not think we can take that risk again; and I should regard any effort made by the State as a measure vital to its life, because no one can foretell what the future contains for us."

Now—and then? In 1910, when King George reviewed the Fleet in Torbay, he beheld thirty-six magnificent battleships and twenty-three armoured cruisers. To-day in the gravest world crisis since the Great War, the total number of

armoured ships in our Fleets is only fifteen! Such is the crippling result of those "surgical operations," first in Washington in 1921-2, and later in the London parleys of 1930.

So is "our sure shield"—they are King George's words—battered and fallen when our will to peace needs its maximum strength. "Never have we been—certainly not for hundreds of years—so defenceless as we are now." That is Mr. Winston Churchill's voice; he was at the Admiralty in 1914 when the most tremendous challenge in all our annals was hurled at us. We came through as victors at an awful price. But what are our chances now?

"The hideous curse of war from the air has fallen upon the world," as Mr. Churchill reminds us. "We lie with all our wealth and civilisation exposed to the ferocious hatreds which tear the Continent of Europe. We have nothing to trust to for our life, or for our right to judge freely what course we will take but—our diplomacy and our good intentions!"

"We must be a strong, successful, scientific and commercial Empire," he insists with grave passion, "Or we must go down. There is no half-way house for Britain between greatness and ruin. If, then, from our nerveless hands the reins of Empire fall, others will advance eagerly and hungrily, to assume our derelict duties, to exploit our discarded treasures, and fill our glorious place in the world. Nor will it be to any benevolent Utopia that your high inheritance will pass, but rather to a fierce band of rival nations who, once they know us weakened, divided and alone will sweep us out of their path without grace or mercy."

Here, surely, are "trumpet voices" of leadership, such as anxious letter-writers to the news-



An inscription for lions—not lambs

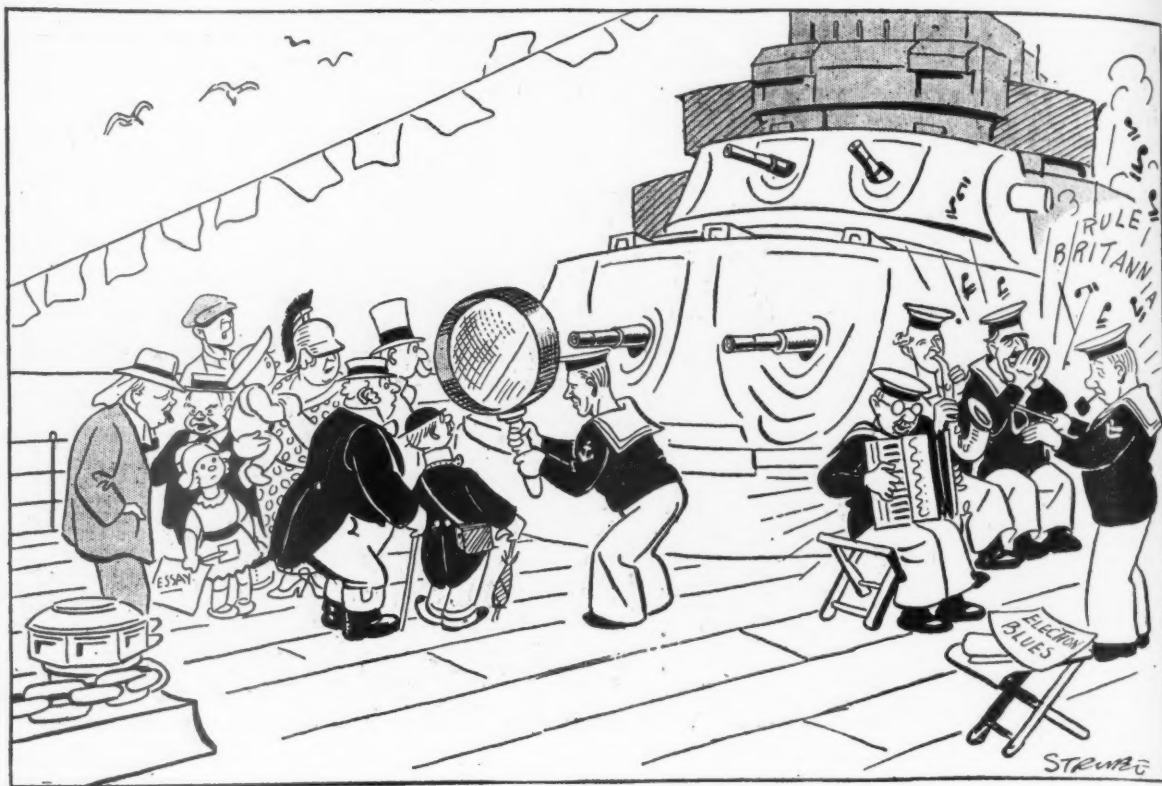
papers cry out for at this momentous hour. Yet we hear little from what the Prince of Wales calls "the constituent parts of the Empire," whose overseas trade alone touched the enormous figure of £550,000,000 last year.

Our alliance with Japan was allowed to lapse out of deference to the United States. All the high naval officers I know have deplored this. Japan herself views the progress of our great Singapore Base with ill-favour. We have an Australian Navy, a Canadian Navy, an Indian Navy, even a local sea-unit in New Zealand. But the question of Empire defence as a clear-cut, co-ordinate whole remains a delicate and timorous affair.

The burden is borne by the Motherland herself, much as the forty-eight sovereign states of America immersed in their own joys and woes, look to "Uncle Sam" for financial aid—even in public relief and mighty works that entail outlay in billions of dollars. With this *sans gêne* President Roosevelt has been forced to deal in drastic style.

As to the decay of our Naval might, both as an "active" asset in Imperial defence and a "latent" power in world-councils—this matter calls for immediate propaganda on a national scale. For if our last escape from surrender and ruin "burns most deeply" into the memory of our Prime Minister of that dreadful day, can there be any Governmental mission so urgent as to "burn" those same lessons into the man in the street; his wife in their home and the children at school—who will one day look for the splendid heritage of the vastest and noblest Empire in all human history?

"If ever the British Navy proves unequal to its task," is the solemn charge of its First Lord to-day—"then God help the peace of the world!"



NAVY WEAK

"—COMPARED WITH THE GREAT NAVAL POWERS TODAY WE HAVE ONLY ABOUT HALF A NAVY—"

—SIR B. EYRES MONSELL.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Express.")

HIGH POLITICS FROM THE INSIDE

The Fate of Danzig

By Robert Machray

Danzig, August 18.

IT was a very near thing—much more so, in fact, than appeared from the accounts of the crisis which were published in the British Press. The fate of Danzig was directly concerned, and it was possible enough that the Free City might have supplied at any moment the spark to explode that powder-magazine which is present-day Europe. As it happened, however, the whole sky of high politics was so completely overcast at the time by the Italo-Abyssinian quarrel that Danzig and its fate were, temporarily at any rate, thrown into the shade and rather lost sight of. But, it may be repeated, the affair was a "very near thing," involving Poland—and Germany.

POLITICAL SHADOWS

An air of romance is attached to Danzig, and a good deal of interest has always been taken in England in this old and beautiful Hanseatic city of the south-eastern Baltic; with its picturesque

survivals of the Middle Ages in its palaces and churches, its streets, with their decorated, high-gabled houses, and its canals, more reminiscent of the past than of to-day. But nowadays no one can be in Danzig, even for a few hours, without feeling that the Free City has fallen on evil times. Ordinary traffic in the streets does not perhaps show it, but inquiries in official quarters soon disclose a desperate state of affairs, from the political point of view.

NAZIS IN POWER

First, there is the local Government of the Free City, as provided by the Versailles Treaty and the particular Statute of Danzig. The Governing Body is the Senate, whose executive is its President. Two years ago power passed into the hands of the Nazis, and they still possess it, but their leaders, including Herr Greiser, the present President, are young, inexperienced and rather impulsive men. Of course, they are extreme Nationalists.

Second, there is what may be called non-political Danzig, where interests are predominantly those of trade and commerce. It is distinctively German, but as it realises the entire dependence of Danzig for its economic existence on Poland and not on Germany, it is always anxious to keep on good terms with Poland. It is inclined to cast its eyes back to the golden age of the city, two, three and four centuries ago, when, without ceasing to be Teutonic, it flourished in practical alliance with Poland. This factor in the present embroglio is stronger than it was and must be taken into account.

Third, there is Poland, whose rights are defined by the Treaty and the Statute. These rights are large and give Poland a great stake in Danzig—among other things, the Free City is in a "Customs Union" with Poland. Rabid political Danzigers assert that ever since the Free City was constituted (1920), the Poles have tried to overstep their rights, while equally rabid Poles state that Danzig has done its level best to minimise and even deny these rights at every turn.

Fourth, there is Germany, usually epitomised as "Berlin" in Danzig. It is not any clash between the Danzig Government and Poland that matters so very much; what is vastly important is what action Berlin will take in any given case. It is this inescapable question which always causes the deep, abiding anxiety of Poland, notwithstanding the Ten-Years non-aggression treaty signed early last year. It was this that supplied the real dark background of the crisis which was acute when I arrived in Danzig.

MONEY CRISIS

A bitter conflict had been waged for some time between the Danzig Government and Poland over the Customs, and this had been exacerbated by the sudden devaluation of the former's unit of currency, locally known as the "gulden," but more generally abroad as the "florin," originally with a value of 25 gulden to £1 gold, but which, with the pound off gold, had appreciated by about one-third. When I was here last year the gulden was 15 only to the pound, but now it has dropped to 26—an almost calamitous change for Danzig, though on a broad view it has some advantages. The Danzig Government was so much embarrassed as to be practically bankrupt, and appealed for assistance to Berlin, but was refused it by Dr. Schacht, who said he had no money to spare.

It had long been an open secret that the Danzig Government had received large subventions from Berlin. Credible report puts the sums paid during the years 1933-34 as amounting to eighty millions of gold francs, and evidence exists that four million gold marks were handed over during the month of December, 1934. But with that the golden flood suddenly ceased to flow, and the Danzig Government was left to its own resources—not really very poor, but totally inadequate to support the extraordinarily huge and extravagant governing apparatus of officials of all kinds, army

and police, all excessively German and nearly all imported, it had maintained and still tried to keep up.

Several months passed, and then came the Danzig Elections. Not only did prominent people from Berlin, including even Schacht himself, appear in the Free City, but once again the golden flood poured forth in the attempt to get so complete a Nazi victory as to make Danzig Nationalist enough for any purpose whatsoever. There was a tremendous effort put forth by both Berlin and the Danzig Government, but if the result was some gains in the number of votes, they were insufficient to secure the desired majority. Another result was that Berlin declined decidedly and peremptorily to finance Danzig any longer, and something like panic prevailed in the Free City.

THE DANGEROUS DECREE

Poland offered help—on terms, and at first it looked as if the crisis would soon be over, because the Danzig Government appeared about to accept the proposal. What occurred was something very different. Suddenly Greiser, President of the Senate, issued a decree which was tantamount to breaking down the Polish-German Customs barrier by declaring the German-Danzig frontier open for the importation of goods and produce *free of duty*. He justified this action on the ground that in one way or another, but particularly from previous Polish action respecting the Customs, there had come about a "state of emergency," and that this extreme step was necessary.

Seeing that Greiser's action was equivalent to the repudiation by Danzig of the relevant parts of the Versailles Treaty and the Danzig Statute itself, it was no wonder that it produced a great sensation in Poland—as I have said, it would have done so throughout Europe but for the Abyssinian business. The Polish Press urged that immediate and strong measures should be taken to meet the intransigency of Greiser, but the Polish Government, with a greater issue involved, contented itself with presenting a Note of remonstrance.

NEARLY A CRISIS

The greater issue involved was the extremely anxious, disquieting and grave question: Would Greiser have acted as he had unless he had first received the approval of Berlin, that is, of Herr Hitler? In other words, had the Ten-Years peace pact between Poland and Germany thus abruptly gone by the board? There undoubtedly was some uncertainty (so fragile is peace in Europe!) and the exact truth is unknown, though it is the fact that some prominent members of the Fuehrer's entourage were supporting Greiser.

Anyhow, Hitler in the end decided against Greiser, and the Ten-Years Pact still stands, "conciliatory" measures being taken by both Poland and Danzig. But, it was a *very near thing*. It may, of course, have been that Berlin meant nothing more than the testing of what sort of stuff Poland is made since the death of Pilsudski. If so, Berlin was disappointed.

RACING

Is Racing Too Expensive?

By David Learmonth

THE action of the Windsor executive in reducing the charge for ladies from one guinea to ten and sixpence must necessarily bring up the whole question of admission money.

Naturally those who are responsible for the financial success of a meeting are only too anxious to get in as much money as possible and, provided the accommodation is not over-taxed, are indifferent as to whether this is composed of a number of small amounts or fewer large amounts. They have, however, to consider whether there are sufficient potential visitors who would be influenced by a reduction in price to make such a reduction a commercial proposition.

Until the Windsor experiment has been tried for a little while it will be too early to attempt to draw any conclusions. At the last meeting I understand that rather fewer ladies than had been expected availed themselves of the concessions. Against this, in spite of the good offices of the Press, who made the fact known through their racing columns, there were still a good many people who were unaware of the reduction. In some instances, owing to a misunderstanding, a few ladies who had paid for admission to the course only and then took out a supplementary pass to the paddock were charged a total of one guinea.

This, of course, will not happen again. It was due to one of those little hitches which so often occur when a new idea is operated for the first time, and I sincerely hope that the public will not allow themselves to be deterred by this contretemps from patronising a daring and extremely sporting experiment.

I believe that one of the arguments which has led to the reduction—and I hear that other courses may follow suit—is that a man dislikes breaking into two pound notes in order to get himself and his wife into the stand. Very possibly this is so; human psychology is so strange that it accounts for all manner of idiosyncrasies. But every regular racegoer knows well enough that the amount one pays to go in is only one item, and not always the largest, in the day's expenses.

In the first place one has to get to the course; and here, naturally, the increase in the number of motor cars will help the executives. For, whereas it will cost a man double fare if he takes his wife by train, to say nothing of transport between station and course, which in the case of Windsor is necessary, it will cost him no more to take two people by car than it will to take one.

His wife, however, will presumably expect to be given some lunch and she may even demand some liquid refreshment between races. She will be

hardly human if she does not wish to have a few shillings on some of the races, which may be reckoned at least as an added liability to the family budget, in spite of the fact that money may sometimes be won.

He would seem, therefore, to be a brave man who would set out to take his wife to the races with less than five pounds in his pocket, and the difference between five pounds and five pounds ten—or four pounds ten and five pounds, which would seem the very lowest which it would be safe for a couple to allow in order to provide against contingencies—does not seem enough to influence attendances greatly one way or the other.

Moreover, he would be an even braver man who left his wife behind when she wanted to go racing. The effect of this, of course, may be estimated in two ways. It can be argued that a man who goes racing regularly would have to take his wife whether it cost him a guinea or half a guinea to get her into the stand; or it can be argued conversely that many a man who would like to go racing has been hitherto deterred by the fact that he has to pay a guinea for his wife and dare not go without her. But, if my previous premise turns out to be correct, it does not much matter which of the latter two theories one accepts.

My own opinion is that, while the reduction of entrance money for ladies is a step in the right direction, it will not become universally successful until better value for money is given in the catering departments and until certain courses improve their car parking arrangements.

The point is that the man who takes his wife racing, as opposed to the professional, wants primarily an enjoyable afternoon. He wants to be able to get his car into the motor enclosure without being unduly held up by traffic congestion and, particularly, he wants to be able to get out again easily. There is one park meeting—not Windsor—where one is lucky if one gets out of the motor enclosure in half an hour.

So far as catering arrangements are concerned, these have improved out of all knowledge during recent years. But there are still too many courses where there is room for much improvement. The question of lunches I have already touched on in previous articles. But I feel justified in repeating that I can see no reason why a first-class and well-served meal should not be supplied for half-a-crown.

But better bars, where a man can take his wife to have a drink sitting down in a decent atmosphere, would also be a valuable factor towards success. Many men do not like to take their womenfolk into an atmosphere resembling the "four-ale" bar of an inn.

Russia Owes Great Britain Over £1,300,000,000

By Meriel Buchanan

SO much mistaken sympathy and compassion for the poor Ethiopians is being scattered about notwithstanding the knowledge that they are slave drivers—but it is an astounding fact that not a word of condemnation is ever uttered against the way the Russian intelligentsia are being "liquidated," and the treatment by Stalin of the unfortunate kulaks is quite ignored by our politicians and no thought or consideration is ever given by Mr. Eden & Co., to this or to the way in which our own subjects have been treated in the U.S.S.R. Have we forgotten the enormous sum of British money which has been callously confiscated by the Soviet?

In the *Morning Post* of February 5th, 1935, Mr. Richard Tweed, Chairman of the "Association of British Creditors of Russia," states that the total sum owing to British subjects by the Soviet is £300,000,000. This is composed largely of company and business claims, but includes also considerable sums of private property, bank balances, houses and land, domestic effects, jewellery, bonds, etc. These claims are entirely non-political, and have nothing to do with the Imperial Russian War Debt to Britain, which amounts to another £1,066,480,000, a sum which the Soviet have always refused to acknowledge, and which will of course never be recovered.

VAGUE PROMISES

In the last agreement made with the Soviet it was stipulated that the settlement of the debt of British creditors was a condition for the resumption of diplomatic relations, and the agreement was described as being "temporary" pending the settlement of this question. No time limit was, however, fixed, and, although the Soviet have made no move and shown no sign of considering the question of repayment to British subjects, the Agreement still holds, and seems likely to continue to do so indefinitely.

Successive British Governments, Coalition, Conservative, Labour and National, have been quite unable to obtain any satisfactory results in this matter, although vague promises have been made to "consider the claims of British citizens," and assurances have been given that "the matter is being closely watched," or receiving "careful consideration." But nothing further has ever been achieved, except when Lord Curzon, by a peremptory ultimatum, obtained indemnity for the family of an Englishman called Davidson, who was shot by the Soviet, and also for an American woman journalist who had been imprisoned. Lord Curzon's threat to break off diplomatic relations had its effect on the Kremlin, and the money was immediately forthcoming, but the meek reminders,

the feeble reproaches and remonstrances of successive Ministers and Governments have merely amused Stalin and Litvinoff, who have replied with their usual formula of their "unalterable desire to reach an understanding with the British Government," but have had no intention of paying back one penny of the money they seized for their own uses.

And it is not only monetary loss which British subjects have suffered in Russia. Many have undergone unspeakable hardships in prison, some have even paid with their lives. In all, a hundred and twenty-six British subjects have been imprisoned by the Soviet, of whom thirty were women and ninety-six were men. Of these, one woman and three men died in prison, four men died immediately after release, two men within two years as a direct result of the treatment they had received. Two women and four men lost their eyesight or had it permanently impaired by the terrible conditions of prison life in Moscow, two women and five men contracted small pox and typhoid, three men have remained permanently crippled with rheumatism, and two women and five men have become incurable invalids.

THE FIGHT WEAKENS

Nothing in the way of indemnity or compensation has ever been done for these unfortunate British subjects; time and time again they have appealed to the Foreign Office, only to be put off with the usual ambiguous language and evasive promises. In 1923 Mr. Baldwin declared that "The claims in respect for personal injuries could not be ignored" or "relegated to an indefinite period," but twelve years have gone by, public interest has flagged, some of the claimants have died, trade agreements with Russia are considered necessary, the fear of Labour opposition, the desire for an increase in exports outweighs the injuries and wrongs of a few men and women who have suffered, not for any political or diplomatic reason, but merely because a foreign country in which they were living was disrupted with revolution.

Several times during the last few years Sir William Davison, the Member for South Kensington, has asked questions in the House of Commons, pressing the claims of British subjects in Russia, and always he has received bland assurance that the Government are "considering the matter" or that they "intend to make it clear to the Soviet Government that they maintain and assert British claims!" But the "temporary" agreement with the Soviet is still in being, and no steps have been made to settle this matter, while some of those who have most strenuously opposed any *rapprochement* with the U.S.S.R. until compensation had been made, have now given up the

unequal contest. For example Mr. Victor Cazalet, who, in the *Daily Telegraph* in April of this year, suggested a compromise in the form of a loan to Russia, guaranteed by a promise that part of it should be spent in England, the difference between the two rates of exchange to be allocated for the benefit of private creditors. A naive suggestion, that does not take into account the Soviet's complete inability to keep any promise or hold to any agreement.

In a speech he made recently Lord Passfield declared that the new régime in Russia was "an extraordinary success," and said that future ages would look upon the revolution "as one of the biggest things that have happened in the world." And yet as a result of this "extraordinary success" there are at the present moment hundreds of English men and women, living in this country, who once held good positions in Russia, who had

comfortable homes and assured incomes, but who now have to exist on a few shillings a week, and live in the back rooms of cheap boarding houses, too old and broken in health to work, with nothing to look forward to, time bringing increasing disabilities and the forgetfulness of those who had befriended them at first. Never having held any political positions, they are the victims of the most terrible political upheaval in the history of the world, and are sacrificed by their own Government for political expediency, their wrongs shelved and pushed into the background by successive ministers, none of them with enough courage to demand reparation.

It is time that the question of the repayments and compensation by the Soviet to British subjects should be more fully recognised, and it should be one of the main arguments for Parliamentary candidates in the approaching General Election.

Italy—Abyssinia—England

Once more the eagles hover above the Seven Hills,
Imperial are the banks on which the yellow Tiber
spills,
The legions march from the City to seek new
room for a home
And the ancient cry against Carthage goes up from
the walls of Rome.
Forgotten the days of bondage and the time of
alien kings
When only the scattered cities clung to
remembered things
(Florence which rang its bells defying the
Frankish power;
Venice, the great sea-market, bright for its too-
brief hour.)
Civil strife is buried and the days that followed
the Fall;
The Empire and Republic has cast off its dusty
pall;
Fire wakens underground, old glories warm like
wine
And under volcano-beacons the South has found
a sign.

* * *

Deep in the forest darkness of the realm of Prester
John
War drums throb in the tangled swamps to carry
the challenge on;
Over the spreading rivers, up to the mountain
heights
Thunders the menacing message, sombre with
by-gone fights.
Down in the uttermost strongholds roofed with
their forest glades,
Feuds of the past forgotten, tribesmen sharpen
their blades;
Out of the last recesses, facing an unknown foe,
Struggle the dusty armies, gathering swift for a
blow,
Fired by a single motive, urged to a single need
—To follow a mystic Emp'ror who rides on a milk-
white steed.

Wrong are they? Right or wrong, who are we
to condemn?
What have we lost that is theirs? How shall we
talk to them?
For from our sea-girt England, misted with doubt
and lies,
Where are the heroes vanished who once gave
light to our skies?
Where are the men who were kindly, at home or
over the main?
Where is a Drake or a Harold? When comes
Arthur again?
Our rulers read their history—and follow
Ethelred's track
Secretly offering Dane-geld behind the people's
back,
Bartering dumb dependants to bolster a falling
League,
Seeking peace at the point of the purse and honour
by way of intrigue,
While the people look for a leader worthy of
Alfred's days
Who will guide them to peace with strength and
into the paths of praise.

* * *

They shall see—if they be not blind; they shall
hear (for the thunder peals)
The spirit of Boadicea, and the sound of her
chariot wheels
Which sing in the country's heart till Freedom
shall follow her train.
Shall we (who were the Iceni once) not rise for our
land again?
Fetters are put upon us, but fetters were made to
burst;
Let us stand but with *broken* gyves on our wrists—
and we shall not fear the worst.

SKENE LLOYD.

Our Debasing Fear

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

OWING to the growth amongst us of a remarkable and debasing fear, it is simplicity itself for any Government, whatever its party label, to embark upon a career of financial extortion amounting to rapine; nor have post-war Governments failed so to do.

History has not only criticised the financial policy of King Henry VII, but has actually handed down, on that account, a picture of a morose and suspicious personality which ill accords with the contemporary record of the cries of the populace, "God bless that sweet and gracious face." If, then, unjust financial dealings so blot for posterity the fair name of an unquestionably great King, it passes the wit of man to imagine how the reputations of present day politicians will stink in the nostrils of our descendants, for though the logic of "Morton's Fork" caused us to laugh as school-boys, it cannot compare, for sublime idiocy, with the financial arguments and assumptions of to-day.

When King Henry's minister, Cardinal Morton, saw a man richly appavelled and living luxuriously, he promptly taxed him heavily, arguing that obviously this man could pay. When, however, he saw a poorly clad fellow scraping along, he announced that as this man was not spending he must be hoarding, and piled on the taxes again. To the casual reader this may appear as mad a performance as that of Julius Caesar's governor, who, at length unable to increase the amount of his monthly taxation, added a thirteenth month to the year instead, but the slightest investigation of our present system reveals methods and regulations not one whit less unreasonable and unjust.

"Social Service"!

We have, in fact, reverted to the ancient and mediaeval conception of taxation, with this difference, that whereas in olden days as much as possible was seized to enhance the glory and benefit the schemes of one individual, now as much as possible is seized, in the name of social service, to benefit one section of the population, whom we allow to differ from the old tyrants only in that they render nothing in return, neither of spectacle, production, nor of safety. At least the old extortioners defended those who paid them, but no idea is more constantly before the new extortioners than that they must not fight!

Now lest this seems in the least extravagant, consider for a moment the fact that in England to-day a man who inherits cottage property, or property in a "congested area," is required to pay death duties based upon the full market value of that property, notwithstanding the fact that the local authority is about to seize it and to pay him perhaps a twentieth of the sum on which he is taxed! Even

the Tudor churchmen did not think of first taxing the King's subjects on their goods and then stealing those goods away.

Income tax, too, provides examples as crazy as those of any text book. Sanely considered, is there anything to choose between taxing a man who has worked and saved and retired on his savings on *unearned* income, and the Roman governor's expedient of adding a month to the year? Without a shadow of doubt, we have forsaken the just and philosophic conception of taxation to which the Victorians, for instance, so firmly held, and which so largely accounts for their material prosperity, and we are back in the lawless days of snatch and grab and to the devil with equity, simply because of that strange and debasing fear to which I first referred.

Unbalanced Politics

This fear may be summed up very briefly. From ignoring the poor we have come to fawn upon them. From thinking not at all of the labourer we have come to consider him only, *without any regard to the essential or permanent good of the whole state*. Our policies are now as unbalanced as those of the most high-handed aristocracy or maddest pagan emperor. With it all we are very far from having done the best for those to whom is rendered so much lip service, but the fear is upon all of protesting against confiscatory taxation lest they should seem to question the righteousness of "social service," and our minds are more slavishly bound than the most ignoble had hitherto conceived.

The income tax paying classes are now so taxed that they dare not undertake the responsibilities of bringing up a family, while in other spheres unwise legislation has brought matters to a pitch recently described to me by an elementary school teacher in a very poor district. "It has got to such a pitch now," she said, "that when a child gets even a scratch on its finger the mother does nothing. Instead, she tells the child to ask me for time off to go to the clinic, which not only costs the ratepayers an amount out of all reasonable proportion, but puts that child behind the rest of the class and upsets my whole time-table—to say nothing of the bad effect on the mother herself."

Is it not high time that we flung off this debasing fear, and insisted that taxation should once again be based upon a just and equitable system, having as its object the ultimate good of the whole country, and admitting that, though a poor labourer may be honourable and worthy, being poor does not make him either honourable or worthy, nor a person to be fawned upon by the representatives of upright government?

I COME back from my three days in Rodney and Nelson and their picket boats, after hours of talk with great naval officers, petty officers and bluejackets, and this is the broadside I feel it my duty to aim at the whole nation and the whole Empire, which does not suspect the tragic truth about the Royal Navy.

I take my motto from the gold noble of Edward IV., which bears the legend:—

Four things our Noble sheweth unto me;

King, Ship, and Sword, and Power of the Sea.

After every war in our history we have let the Navy decay. It is an old English custom. History has repeated itself during the post-war period of seventeen years.

* * *

The Navy to-day is out of date. It will soon be an unsure shield. Its ships and its men have been crippled by parsimony masquerading as disarmament.

When Stead wrote "The Truth About the Navy" Jacky Fisher loaded his guns. Jacky made the Grand Fleet and chose Jellicoe to command it. It just saved us—only just. In Rosebery's words, it was "glorious but inadequate."

In 1935 the Navy is still glorious, but it is infinitely more than inadequate for its job. "He that commands the sea," wrote Bacon, "is at great liberty; he may take as much and as little of the war as he will."

"Whoever commands the sea commands the battle," wrote Raleigh; "whoever commands the trade commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself."

* * *

We have lost our command of the sea and the narrow sea. We stand in grave jeopardy. The blue water of the Channel gave me that warning as I stood on the quarter-deck of Nelson and Rodney.

Rodney's crest is an eagle. Her motto is: "Eagles Don't breed Doves." As Commander Madden grimly said to me, "That's telling us!" There's irony for you!

We have bred doves and we need eagles. Here goes, then! I'll tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is a bellyful.

Crisis will come in 1936, when the Washington and London Treaties of 1922 and 1930 expire. That is the "replacement" point of the navies of the five great Powers, Britain, the United States, Japan, France, Italy.

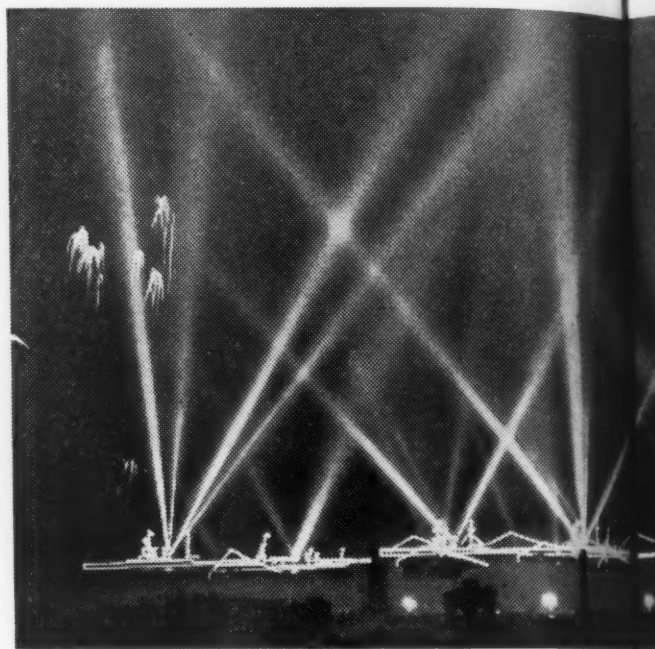
In 1936 twelve of our fifteen capital ships will be over twenty years old. Even Nelson, Rodney, and Hood are over ten years old. They cost eight millions each, and they are dying.

The Washington Treaty fixes twenty years as the life-limit of a capital ship. By the close of 1936 four-fifths of our battleships and battle cruisers will be obsolete.

No fewer than thirty-three cruisers will be obsolete next year. The Hawkins class were com-

[WE FEEL WE CANNOT DO BETTER THAN TO REPRINT AGAIN

THE STARTLING OUR



Why not turn the searchlights of TRUTH

pleted 1917-21. They are doomed to be scrapped next year, though they are fine ships. They will be "treated" to death unless we say no!

Remember Coronel! The men who died fighting in that awful massacre were sent to their doom because our cruisers were obsolete. The Germans outranged them and slaughtered them like sheep.

* * *

Remember Pegasus, Defence, and Black Prince, sunk during the war by superior German guns!

At Spithead ninety-six of our destroyers were five years over age!

At the end of 1936 these warships will all be due for replacement:—

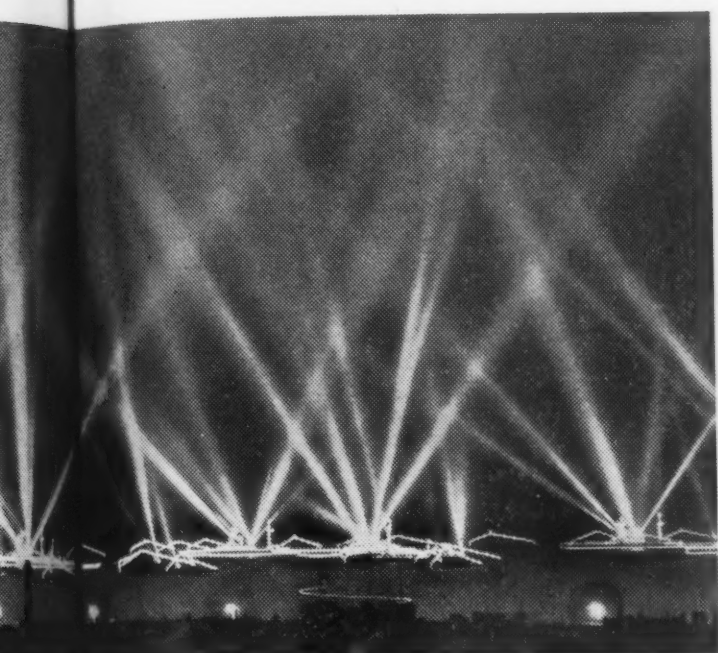
12 battleships and battle cruisers; 27 cruisers; 96 destroyers; 20 submarines.

It is on this rotten foundation that the Anglo-German naval agreement is based. But the German ships will all be new, and nearly all our ships will be old.

This is not the worst. It will take years to replace the old ships. They can't be built in a year, or two years, or three years, even if we floated a huge national loan to pay for them, as we ought to do.

NT AGAIN THIS SPLENDID CLARION CALL BY MR. JAMES DOUGLAS]

TRUTH ABOUT NAVY



TRUTH in the strength of our Navy as it is to-day?

Our old boast was this: "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too." To-day it runs: "We haven't got the ships, we haven't got the men, and we haven't got the money."

Europe knows this. Spain knows it. If you doubt me, digest the appalling story of Captain Kane, my Ulster fellow-countryman, as he has told it in the *Daily Express*. Rub the Spanish onion into your blind eyes and weep!

* * *

Now for something which ought to scare you stiff. Where are the skilled craftsmen who will be needed to rebuild the new Navy? Where are the riveters? Where are all the men who used to build our mercantile marine? On the dole!

They too, have been starved to death. They beg their bread in our streets. Can we resurrect them by an S.O.S.? No!

We have starved our fishermen as well as our shipbuilders. Where are we to get the crews for our minesweepers? The King honoured the old trawler seadogs by calling them on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*.

Where shall we get the young seadogs we shall

bitterly need for our new drifters and trawlers? God only knows!

* * *

Here is a hard fact to bite on. Nelson and Rodney have about 40,000 - horse - power engines. The newest Italian battleships have over 120,000-horse-power! How can ass-power cope with horse-power?

Another shock for you! The backbone of the Navy are the petty officers and warrant officers. They teach the boys and turn them into seamen. They too, are growing old and vanishing.

Who is training the boys I saw mixed with the leading seamen and able seamen in Nelson and Rodney? The naval officers! They are taking on the job as well as their own job, bless them!

I saw 150 raw boys in Rodney. They could hardly toe the line at divisions! What a danger signal! It takes as long to train a seaman as it does to build a battleship, and soon we shall be short of the trainers as they are pensioned off.

Why, even the Jubilee fleets could not have put to sea without grizzled reservists who were wandering about our towns workless and despairing!

This is a stark and ghastly story. The nation would not sleep quietly in their beds if they could open all their asinine ears to its full meaning and menace.

* * *

We have two million men unemployed. We can find work for them if we make up our sluggish minds to rebuild our dying Navy.

Our idle boys would flock eagerly to the Fleet and the shipyards and the blast furnaces and the heavy iron and steel trades, which are all rotting into decay.

The millions would be not wasted. They would provide work and wages for all sorts of trades. They would give our workers fresh hope and fresh life.

Money is dirt cheap. It is there for the asking. Our investors would whoop for joy and pour their idle money into a national Navy loan.

The nation would save itself by saving the Navy. The Navy would save the nation from the thickening perils that hover over Europe.

Let us have Empire Free Trade and Splendid Isolation before the general election, and an Empire Navy to keep the seas and the narrow seas for our merchant ships and our traders and our food supplies in time of foreign wars, now visible on the sea-line.

Britain! Go back to the sea and let Europe go to blazes if she wants to. That is my broadside for your weak stomachs and fat bellies. You can like it or lump it, my hearties!

A dose of salt water will do you good! I give you back the Nelson touch! I fly the old signal:—

"England expects that every man this day will do his duty!"

If the politicians bar the way, I say, in fearless Jacky Fisher's words, "Sack the lot!"

JAMES DOUGLAS

(Reprinted by courtesy of the "Daily Express").

The Evening of His Life

By Dan Russell

IT is one of the oldest kennel maxims that you must never get fond of a hound. And for all its seeming harshness there is a deal of wisdom in it. For no matter how good a hound may be, there comes a time when he can no longer keep up with the flying pack, when even the shortest day tires him long before its end. And when that day comes he must go. There is no room for sentiment. Young hounds are there to take his place, and the kennel cannot be burdened with old hounds who can no longer work. So, unwept and unmourned he must go to the Happy Hunting Grounds; and the dawn-song of his brethren of the kennel will be his only requiem. "You must never get fond of a hound."

It was the end of a hunting day. The silvery note of the horn called together the scattered pack and they set off on the long jog back to kennel. The early winter dusk gloomed hedges and trees, and a sharp tang of frost crept into the air. Save for the clop of hooves and the patter of hounds' feet all was silent. It was that hour between day and night when all the countryside is strangely still.

The Master's Decision

But the Master, on his grey horse, had no ear or eye for the scene around him. He was immersed in his own thoughts, and they were not pleasant. Pilgrim was old; he was past work. In his day he had been the truest hound in the pack, but now he was getting slow. Whereas in his prime he had trotted proud and unfatigued before the pack on the way home; now he lagged behind, a tired old hound. The Master frowned.

"He'll have to go," he muttered; "can't keep passengers."

They trotted through the great iron gates, and soon the hungry pack were gulping down their meal of oatmeal and horseflesh. Old George, the kennelman, stood with the Master and watched them.

"George," said the Master suddenly, "Pilgrim's got to go. He's past it. Look at him. He's so done he can hardly eat. You must do it to-morrow."

For a moment Old George was silent, then. "Can't us let 'un bide, sir?" he asked in dismay. "He've been sich a wonder in 'is day. It do seem hard fer him to be put down now. He wouldn't be no trouble about the place."

"No." The Master's voice was unwontedly harsh. "He must go. You mustn't get fond of a hound, you know."

The old man looked at him with pleading eyes, but the Master did not meet his gaze. He seemed strangely interested in the floor.

"As you say, sir," said Old George.

Very early on the following morning Old George was astir. Hardly had the first grey light of the

coming dawn paled the eastern sky when he walked slowly into the yard. In his coat pocket was the loaded humane killer. He went to the main lodging house and opened the door. The hounds, recumbent on their benches, regarded him with sleepy, amber eyes.

"Pilgrim," whispered the old man huskily. "Here, boy."

The old hound rose from his straw-covered bench and came to him with waving stern. George slipped a leash around his neck. The hounds stirred uneasily as if they had some dim realisation of what was about to be done.

"Come on," said George, "we got to get it over."

He led the great hound to the grass yard behind the kennel, and tied him to the railing. As he did so there came a crash of music from the lodges. The hounds were singing, raising a deep, wild swell of music in a pæan of welcome to the coming dawn; but to the sad old man in the grass yard it seemed that they mourned the passing of a comrade.

"Yew old fule," he said to himself, and cocked the pistol. Pilgrim raised his head and gazed at the old kennelman. Old George raised the weapon and aimed dead between the deep brown eyes. . . .

Another Decision

The Master had passed a restless night. Through the long hours his thoughts had turned to Pilgrim, son of Priestess. He recalled the tiny pup which had been born on a night of storm. He remembered how, on the first morning of cub-hunting, the youthful Pilgrim had proudly carried home the mask of his first fox. He thought of how the old hound had hunted and killed the grey fox of Westridge Wood, of how, many times, he had put the puzzled pack on to the right scent. And he thought, too, of an old kennel saying: "You must never get fond of a hound." And when the morning came his mind was made up.

At eight o'clock he was in the kennel. George was sweeping out the yard. He did not reply to the Master's greeting. His manner was diffident and uneasy.

"Look here, George," said the Master. "About Pilgrim. We'll let him live. He can potter about the yards until he dies. I know its foolish and soft-hearted, but I can't put the old fellow down."

Slowly Old George looked up. His face was inscrutable. "Will 'ee please to come wi' I, sir," he said quietly.

He led the way to the grass yard, where stood the meal-shed. "Look," he said.

And from a bed of straw rose Pilgrim to greet them with waving stern.

"I took him out this morning," said the old

man, "to do the job. But when I put up the pistol he looked at me an' I couldn't bear to do it. So I made up this place for him. I were afeared as you'd be angered wi' me. I didn't like to tell 'ee."

The Master was smiling. "You're as sentimental an old fool as I am," he said, "and I'm glad of it. The old fellow can live here until he dies."

So, to-day, if you visit the Master, the talk will inevitably turn to Pilgrim. You will hear of his deeds in field and kennel, and, as you leave, the Master will say:—

"Take the back way through the kennels and you will meet him. He will be pleased to see you."

And, as the Master has foretold, when you draw near to the iron gates, a great dog-hound will arise from his straw-covered bench and come forth to meet you.

The once-dark muzzle is almost white, and the years have frosted that lean and lovely head. The gait, formerly so smooth and swift, is very slow. Venerable indeed is he who is still known as the greatest hound in all the scattered counties; the tales of whose deeds are as the bluebells in spring.

At the distance of a pace he will pause to scan you. The noble head is high, and one foot raised. Two deep, brown eyes gaze into yours. Then, if he approves of you, as he will, the brave stern will wave in greeting, and he will fall in beside you to escort you through the yards.

At the further gate he will take his leave. But if, from the bend in the road, you glance back you will have your last glimpse of Pilgrim, the son of Priestess. An old, old hound standing in the gateway to see you safely on your way. And, even as you watch, he turns and pads soberly back to the kennel where he spends in quietude the evening of his life.

Hearts of Oak

By C. H.

ANY Briton who is any sort of a Briton takes advantage of the first convenient opportunity to pay a visit to the Fleet in Navy Week, but it is a pity that in these days of steam and high-powered boats comparatively few get the chance of visiting an old-time windjammer.

Falmouth is one of the best places to see these archaic, but lovely vessels. At some time or another most of the ships engaged in the annual grain race from Australia to England lie in the roads outside the harbour.

The majority are Finnish boats manned by Finnish lads with a sprinkling of more experienced mariners. Wages paid are very low . . . the crew "sign on" from love of the sea and a desire for experience in sail, but life on board must sometimes be very monotonous. One boat, a four-master, took 116 days to come from Australia, having fair weather all the way. She lay about five miles out in the bay for nearly a fortnight before she proceeded to Hull to discharge her cargo.

Spick and Span

She was a splendid sight, lending a touch of beauty and romance that enhanced the natural loveliness of the scenery. On board, everything was spick and span. The only signs of modernism were the winches that were used to help get out sail. It was easy to stand on the bridge and imagine that one was back in the middle of the last century.

The Finns looked splendidly fit. Two did complicated exercises on a home-made horizontal bar . . . probably to impress their visitors. One could not help comparing them with the undersized and often under-nourished British lads one sees in most of our big industrial towns.

Two of the older men, one a veteran who must have easily reached his sixties, were busy stitching at a sail. It was fascinating to watch the quick-

ness of their fingers. One of the visitors spoke to the younger man, who had a shaggy beard and was naked to the waist. "I do not speak your English," he answered very slowly and correctly, "but he does," indicating the old man. The old man ignored us completely. Soon the meal bell rang, and he left, still ignoring us. We gathered he had a sailor's contempt for all landlubbers.

Peeping into the foc'sle brought to mind Rafael Sabatini, Jeffery Farnol, and the blood-and-thunder pirate thrillers of childhood days. The half-naked men seated on benches around a long wooden table, the swinging lamps, the tall spars high above our heads . . . it would have stirred the blood of even a cold statistician.

A Three-Master

The next ship we visited was a three-master lying farther out in the bay. From the bathing beach we could just see her on the horizon.

Like the other, she was a Finnish boat, but older and due, after discharging her cargo, for the ship-breaker's yard. It was sad; one's feet became almost apologetic as they trod her well-worn planks.

Her crew were not so shy, and were eager to practise their English. Their eagerness to speak in what must be one of the most difficult foreign tongues, made us feel ashamed and insular, remembering our own shyness to essay talking in any language but our own. If they made a mistake and we said, after puzzling our brains, "Oh, you mean so-and-so," they repeated the correct version very carefully.

They had been more unfortunate than the occupants of the previous ship. Around Cape Horn they had run into terrible storms, and had wondered several times whether they were ever going to see England. One of the men had been unfortunate enough to break his leg, and the captain

had had to resort to his own knowledge of surgery. Some of the steel stanchions, and part of the bulwarks, had been wrenched away by heavy seas, whilst the water had penetrated into a section of the hold, with dire results to the cargo.

They went to a great deal of trouble to be hospitable. We were shown the chart room, the captain's state room, the cabins of the first and second mates, the galley, and the messroom.

Some of the men had made minute models of sailing ships, complete with sails. They were about three inches long, but cleverly modelled. Unfortunately, we were not allowed to offer them money. Gifts of cigarettes and tobacco were permitted, but as we had not known this, we were not able to acquire these intricate souvenirs of an interesting afternoon.

After the usual gymnastic feat of climbing down

a rope ladder into a boat that pitched gently in the heavy swell of Atlantic rollers, we left the stately vessel to her solitude. The Finns bowed solemnly or waved gaily, according to individual temperament. On our way back to shore we saw in the distance a school of porpoises and a basket-shark.

It is sad to reflect that the running of these beautiful ships has become an expensive hobby for public-spirited rich men. It is very rarely that they pay their way, although this depends, of course, on the price the grain will fetch. Sailors are agreed that nothing can teach the craft of the sea like experience in sail. But in England, even the fishing trawlers of Brixham are being laid up or sold because it does not pay our fishermen to ply their trade.

What a stigma on a nation that has been made great by the sea!

New Books I Can Recommend

By the Literary Critic

AFRICA is no longer quite the "Dark" Continent it was half a century or so ago, but it still has its mysteries for the outside world, and Mr. Lawrence Green has collected a number of them, and, incidentally, also many other curiosities of African life and history to discourse upon pleasantly in a well-written and highly interesting book.

Among the matters he discusses are the original source of the deposits of diamonds on the South-West African coast, various riddles of the African seas, secrets of Table Bay, the mystery of the Zimbabwe ruins, the life story of George Rex (child of a morganatic marriage between Hannah Lightfoot and Prince George, afterwards George III.), the puzzles presented by primitive races like the Berg Damaras, and, finally, the wonders of the "bush telegraph," or the signals conveyed across the vast continent by means of the beating of drums.

"The Esperanto of Africa"

On this latter point Mr. Green gives us some remarkable instances of the rapidity with which news can be conveyed over enormous distances by means of these drums. He goes on to say:—

"The first tremendous obstacle which must have been overcome was that of language. . . . There are in Africa about six hundred languages. . . . Yet no corner of Africa is so remote that drums are not used and understood.

"Men who have lived long and close to the far edge of things in Africa helped me towards a possible solution of the long-distance drums. They spoke of the secret languages which are constructed by the initiates of many tribes.

"The traders, missionaries, river-steamer captains, and other exiles of the African tropics who discussed the subject with me agreed, almost to a man, that there

is a *lingua franca* of the drums which is known to the cleverest drummers of practically all the races in the continent. The great bulk of drum traffic would be beaten out in the dialect of the district and would not carry beyond its boundaries. But when great events happened, when the English and Frankis (French) were seen to be attacking the Germans, then the drums were set throbbing across the continent in the special language which is the Esperanto of Africa."

English Glassware

Mr. W. A. Thorpe, Assistant Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is a recognised authority on the history of glassware. His latest book contains a comprehensive survey of taste in domestic and fancy glass in England from the second century to the twentieth. There is a full account of glassware in Roman-British and Anglo-Saxon times, and the book also gives us much interesting information regarding those early pioneers in glass manufacture: "Mr. Jacob" (or Verzelini) and Sir Robert Mansell.

Coming to the present day, Mr. Thorpe laments the fact that while other countries have institutes of glassmanship, we have none. We need, he says, an institute of glass design

"where future designers and buyers can study the other varieties of formative process; the opportunities inherent in glass machinery as it is and as it may become; the decorative processes of brilliant cutting, engraving, acid work, and sandblast; the factors of distribution and saleability; contacts with other arts; and the taste of sectional markets; as these things are related to one another and to the appearance of the finished article.

"The first place for it is Sheffield. Here in the Department of Glass Technology, Professor W. E. S. Turner has created a research body of world reputation in the physics, chemistry and mechanics of glass manufacture."

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY DIETIST

In one of Addison's essays on the subject of Temperance (in the sense of a temperate and abstemious life) he refers eulogistically to a little book which had then passed through several editions, and which had, he said, been "taken notice of by several eminent authors."

This was the "Treatise of Temperance and Sobriety," written by Luigi Cornado, the Venetian, and translated into English by George Herbert.

Cornado wrote this treatise at the age of 83, and he lived on to the age of over 98 and, possibly, as his grand-daughter asserts, to 100.

From his thirty-fifth to his fortieth year his health had suffered from all kinds of maladies, including "the beginning of the Gout." This caused him to mend his way of living, and he straightway adopted a rigorously abstemious diet, with tremendous benefit to his health.

The Treatise in which he sets forth his diet and tells us of the healthy happy life he led upon it is of particular interest in days when questions of food quantities and values are so frequently discussed and even hotly debated in medical and other circles, and the Alden Press of Oxford accordingly have selected an opportune hour for rescuing Cornado from the obscurity into which he has so undeservedly fallen.

Judged by modern theories, his diet was all wrong. It was, or ought to have been, deficient in calories; it lacked variety, it included no "roughage," and it excluded all fruit and green vegetables. It consisted merely of 12 oz. of food (broth, eggs, bread and meat), and 14 oz. of wine per diem.

Yet his grand-daughter, a Nun of Padua, has left on record:—

"By this means he preserved his health and was also vigorous to the age of an hundred years; his mind did not decay, he never had need of spectacles, neither lost he his hearing. And that which is no less true than difficult to believe, is that he preserved his voice, so clear and harmonious, that at the end of his life he sang with as much strength and delight as he did at the age of twenty-five years."

Cornado died at Padua in 1566.

THE NOVELS

"Siesta," if a little bewildering at first to the average reader owing to the author's tendency to jump somewhat unexpectedly from one character to another, gives us an extraordinarily vivid series of pictures of the demoralising effects of continued heat and drought upon the inhabitants of and visitors to a southern township in the United States.

"Paths of Glory" is a powerful story revealing a grim aspect of the Great War on the French front as it concerned certain soliders of a French regiment. In America it has already received a very flattering reception.

"The White Reef" has as its background a small fishing village on the Pacific shore of Vancouver Island. It is the by no means smooth-running love story of a high-spirited girl in a rugged Puritanical environment.

"The Private Life of a Successful Man" makes pleasant reading, even if the plot is of the slightest. The hero is a Napoleon of the business world, who consciously models himself and his actions after the example of his great prototype, even to the extent of acquiring a Walewska to follow a Josephine.

Among recent adventure stories "The House of the Spaniard" deserves a high place. It provides plenty of excitement, and has the merit of a quite original plot. "Murder in Fancy Dress," "The Twice Murdered Man," and "The Family Burial Murders," are all excellent murder mysteries, while those who are acquainted with the "Hon. A.S.P." and his crook valet, will no doubt warmly welcome their further appearance in Mr. John G. Brandon's latest thriller.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A year ago Mrs. Penny presented her young readers with a delightful new companion, an Arab pony, Melka. She now tells of Melka's further adventures in England, and the new story, with its charming black and white illustrations, is well calculated to endear Melka still more to its young friends.

Kitty Barne (Mrs. Eric Streatfeild) has a gift for writing children's adventure stories, and her "Easter Holidays" should receive as warm a welcome as her previous tale, "The Unexpected Adventure."

To children interested in the wild life of the English countryside, Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough's simply told stories of the fox, badger, stoat, weasel, hedgehog, squirrel, rabbit, hare and mole, should strongly appeal.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

"Great African Mysteries," by Lawrence G. Green (with 48 illustrations, Stanley Paul, 18s.).

"English Glass," by W. A. Thorpe (with 24 plates illustrating over 80 pieces and 30 line drawings, A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.).

"How to Live for a Hundred Years and Avoid Disease" (a treatise on food and health, by Luigi Cornado, the sixteenth century Italian centenarian) with an introduction by George Cooke (Alden Press, Oxford, 2s. 6d.).

FICTION

"Siesta," by Berry Fleming (Constable); "Paths of Glory," by Humphrey Cobb (Heinemann); "The White Reef," by Martha Ostenso (Cassell); "Private Life of a Successful Man," by W. F. Casey (Dent); "The Transients," by Mark van Doren (Heinemann); "Flaming Veld," by Jessie Parker (Trefoil Publishing Company).

Adventure, Crime and Mystery:

"Murder in Fancy Dress," by Inez Haynes Irwin (Heinemann); "The Twice Murdered Man," by Nina Toye (Eyre and Spottiswoode); "The House of the Spaniard," by Arthur Behrend (Heinemann); "Black Fear," by John Halstead (Stanley Paul); "The Family Burial Murders," by Milton Propper (Harrap); "The Riverside Mystery," by John G. Brandon (Methuen). All the novels 7s. 6d.

Children's Books:

"Melka in England," by Joan Penny, illustrated by D. L. Mays (Methuen, 6s.); "Easter Holidays," by Kitty Barne (Mrs. Eric Streatfeild) (Heinemann, 6s.); "English Wild Animals," by Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough (Burns Oates' Nature and Science Series, 3s. 6d.).

CORRESPONDENCE

Turn Out the Sham Conservatives!

SIR,—The Country ought to be grateful to Lady Houston for her patriotism in exposing the machiavellian tricks of the present Government, led by Mr. Baldwin, in trying to prevent advertising firms from doing their duty in disclosing political abuses that the nation ought to know. Mr. Baldwin's political career has been one long gigantic comedy of errors; for he has broken up the Party twice, and has again split it, as the Wavertree election proved.

He poses as a Conservative and plays the Socialist game at the same time, double-crossing his party.

He has formed a jumble Government of the "old gang" of place-seeking mountebanks sailing under false colours as Conservatives, who have resorted to every tricky method they could think of to carry Mr. MacDonald's Socialistic Indian Bill.

So-called Conservatives, Samuel Hoare, Lord Eustace Percy, and Lord Zetland, have been rewarded, Samuel Hoare with the Star of India and the Foreign Secretaryship carrying with it an extra £1,000 a year. Lord Zetland has been promoted to the Cabinet, and Lord Eustace Percy delegated to assist his superior to think. It is to be hoped he will not collapse under the ordeal and extra strain, but undoubtedly the remuneration which he is to receive will lubricate his brain and act as a stimulant to support him.

I consider Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald and Sir Samuel Hoare, most dangerous men to have any political power, as past events have proved; for they are so inebriated with their own conceit and self importance that any day we may find they have landed the country in serious trouble. Their foreign policy has been one big failure up-to-date, and they are now humbugging and keeping alive the League of Nations to save their faces after they have already antagonised powers with whom we were on most friendly terms.

The Conservative cry now should be: "Turn them out" and form a Conservative Government before another election.

VIGILANT.

Lady Houston, M.P.

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—I have often wondered why it is that you do not become a Member of Parliament. You state you are unable to express your views in print, but if you were in "The House" you would be able to do so, much to the discomfort of some of the Ministers.

Let us hope that after the next election we shall see M.P. at the end of your name.

STANLEY WAY.

8, Hotblack Road, Dereham Road, Norwich.

A Tribute to the S.R.

SIR,—In enclosing my subscription to the *Saturday Review* I would like to say that I am sure that this is money exceedingly well spent. I prefer to feel that the little that is now left to me for my patriotic food, should be spent upon building my lighthouse upon a solid rock where it can shine in its clearness, rather than that it should be gradually extinguished when submerged in the slippery bottomless shifting sands where no light shines, and it affords me the greatest of pleasure to uphold the views of the *Saturday Review* to the utmost of my ability, views which were held by my honourable forefathers with the full confidence they deserve from any true born Briton.

W. P. JEFFCOCK.

Upper House Farm, Eastnor, near Ledbury.

Form a Taxpayers' Association

SIR,—When we get a Socialist place-hunter suggesting that His Majesty's prerogative "does not hold to-day as it did in the fairly recent past" it surely becomes time when loyal Britons should take notice, and ask themselves as to the means to be adopted to hamstring

once and for all this disloyal impertinence before it shall attain to present-style political normality.

There are few who will subscribe to this impudent suggestion, which comes from a political nonentity pitchforked into limelight and swollen emolument for no apparent reason excepting that he bears his father's name which, if anything at all, should have ensured his disqualification from holding the most obscure executive position in a House of Commons consisting, as to four-fifths of it, of Conservatives in name if not in actuality.

There is to-day one way, and one way only, of effective resistance to this, the most recent of many political affronts to those, and they are in an enormous majority, who respect His Majesty's authority and who stand four square for the greatness of Britain and the Empire. This way lies in the organisation of a Direct Taxpayers' Association, to consist of a maximum number—four millions would be better than three—of the direct taxpayers of this country.

When it is realised that direct taxpayers maintain the solvency of the nation and provide the whole of the employment of the workers it becomes palpable that, both from a standpoint of equity and right, they are entitled to wield, for patriotic and salutary objectives, a power and an authority commensurate with these vital and indispensable services to the country.

The first and foremost aim, lying well within the competence of a Direct Taxpayers' Association, would be insistence upon loyalty to the Throne. Other objectives would be the maintenance and consolidation of the Empire with a determination to maintain adequate defensive fighting forces on land, at sea, and in the air. The preservation of British work for British workers would be another vital objective and this would mean that foreign countries, competing in the domestic market by virtue of operating wage, working, and living standards unacceptable to British workers, would be excluded from this market.

Another very necessary aim would be to bring the cost of our social services, at present greater annually than the expenditure of any six nations of Europe combined under this head, down to reasonable proportions.

Direct taxpayers have for all too long been the shuttlecocks of politicians competing with each other in the bribery of the masses and there is no power in Britain, latent or otherwise, which can "clean out the Augean stables" excepting that which would be forthcoming in the powerful organisation of a Direct Taxpayers' Association, the members of which would be those who maintain the solvency of the nation besides providing the whole of the employment for the workers.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street,
London, W.1.

Work or Dole?

SIR,—I read in a morning paper to-day that a man on the dole with a wife and six children draws £2 4s. a week. A county council road labourer in the West of England draws 33s. a week, out of which he has to provide a bicycle to take him to his work. Some of these men have five children.

Since it seems better business to draw the dole than to work, it would be interesting to know the views of your readers on the following points: (a) Are these wages too low? (b) Is the dole too high? (c) Should people in work be paid according to the number of their children? (d) Should the number of children a couple may have be legally restricted according to their means?

I make no suggestion, but, logically, it seems that two of these questions must be answered "Yes" and two of them "No."

BENJAMIN ROTHWELL.

Taunton, Somerset.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sound British Civil Aviation

(From Sir Macpherson Robertson, initiator and prize-donor of the London-Melbourne Air Race, 1934.)

SIR,—I wonder if you would permit me, on the eve of returning to Australia, to make an observation or two on what I believe to be one of the most important issues which Britain has to face to-day?

I refer to the development of her civil aviation, especially in relation to Imperial communications. Much depends on a sound long-distance policy in the training of personnel, the evolution of machines, the mapping of routes, and the ground organisation.

The object of the £15,000 International Centenary Air Race from London to Melbourne, which I had the honour to initiate, was to encourage British civil aviation, and the result showed British machines to be the best in the world. It was perhaps inevitable that public attention focussed chiefly on the speed drama; but (and this is what I would stress) in the proper progress of civil aviation, safety and comfort are equally important.

I emphasised this at the time of the big race. Without arrogating to myself the functions of guide and philosopher to British people, I feel that companies like Imperial Airways are pursuing the right and sensible policy in avoiding a mere race for speed—at the expense of regularity, comfort and safety.

It seems meet to say this because of comparisons I have heard during my visit. One of the things that surprises overseas guests is the propensity of many people here to decry British civil aviation policy, which, to say the least, appeared to be captious and uninformed—comparisons, for instance, with some of America's flying programmes, which a moment's thought would show to be fantastic for Britain, to say nothing of the vast sums involved in profitless subsidies.

The general soundness of Britain's civil aviation policy does not mean there is not room for detailed improvement in the services; but a lot depends on the public. For example, the carriage of all first-class mail by air would be accelerated if business houses would break away from the habit of delaying postages abroad to the end of the week. Why not use the mid-week machines, many of which, I hear, are available? This would spread out the transmissions and make easier the arrangement of regular services at possibly lower cost.

I would like to see less fuss, too, made of air accidents.

The real air-mindedness of Britain is the impression I take back to Australia. Five thousand landings at Croydon already this year! Aircraft companies of all complexions and sizes springing up! (a danger here, by the way, which those interested in sound finance will guard against); and last, the real ascendancy of British machines, British organisation and British policy.

MACPHERSON ROBERTSON.

Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London.

What is a Good Film?

SIR,—Why is a film "best"? Last year Mussolini's prize for the "best foreign film," shown at the International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art, went to "Man of Aran." For the third exhibition at Venice, Britain has entered "The Thirty-nine Steps," "Sanders of the River," "The Clairvoyant" and either "Invitation to the Waltz" or "I Give My Heart."

How many cinema goers would have voted for "Man of Aran" as last year's best British film? This year's selection has rather more appeal, but the opinion of cinema patrons upon it would certainly be interesting.

MARY MERRALL.

37, Glebe Place, King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

[Judging by her letter, our correspondent appears to be a typical cinema-goer herself.—ED.]

Smoke Abatement

SIR,—I am sure that every community would be glad of any steps which might be taken in the direction of securing a cleaner atmosphere, and, in any event, I trust that I will not be regarded as officious if I invite attention to the vigorous counter-attack upon this evil which is now being waged by Manchester.

Towards the end of last year Manchester Corporation appointed a special sub-committee to report upon the practicability of making available to the public smokeless fuels, including gas and electricity, and thus definitely contributing to a cleaner atmosphere.

The committee point out that smoke from household grates is responsible, approximately, for three-quarters of the total smoke in the atmosphere, and they have made three recommendations:—(1) an experimental adaptation of grates in fifty Corporation houses for the burning of their own gas department coke instead of coal; (2) the testing in Manchester Town Hall, not only of coke, but of coalite; and (3) the consideration of the question of installing a plant to produce smokeless fuel by the process of low temperature carbonisation.

It will not be necessary to add reasons why all progressive local authorities should emulate the example of Manchester. The effects of smoke pollution are now a commonplace, and one need only refer those interested to the evidence of aviators at the recent conference on Smoke and Aviation, one of whom spoke of "looking down from an aeroplane on a black pall beneath which millions of people were living."

That it is a pall in very fact is shown by the definite increase of deaths from respiratory diseases which follows the occurrence of every black fog.

One need not, in short, stress the need for action here; it will only be necessary to indicate what Manchester is doing now and to ask whether other authorities have considered the wisdom of similar action.

King Street,
Manchester.

H. A. DES VORUX
(President, National Smoke
Abatement Society).

Mosquito Day

SIR,—The third anniversary of "Mosquito Day" since the death of Sir Ronald Ross, who so named it, fell on August 20th. For many years before it became more widely known, he privately celebrated this anniversary of his discovery in 1897 of malaria parasites in the tissues of a mosquito. While recalling gratefully the memory of this great scientist-poet and the significance of "Mosquito Day," we should urge a much more intense application of the measures which can be taken to stop the breeding of mosquitoes in thickly-populated countries.

Mosquitoes cost the British Empire alone something like 1½ million deaths and £80,000,000 direct loss every year. The appalling and entirely preventable disaster of the malaria epidemic which overtook Ceylon last autumn and is only now dying down (though it may revive this autumn), is an example of the world-wide ravages of mosquito-borne diseases. Sir Ronald Ross used to assure me that not more than one-tenth of the possible preventive work had been done. This stupid slackness of the responsible authorities affects us even in England, where the mosquito is allowed to be the worst summer pest.

There are 28 known species of English mosquitoes, and it is thought now that one which has been virulent this summer will prove to be the 29th. Many people don't know even that "gnats" are mosquitoes. Increased air traffic may easily introduce other species, since ships can do so. Perhaps we are waiting for a revival of malaria, which used to be prevalent in this country, before we do anything.

116, Tufnell Park Road, (Author of "Ronald Ross:
London, N.7. Discoverer and Creator.")

MOTORING

The New Cars Have Come

By Sefton Cummings

THE new models have been launched on the market and large and expensive advertisements of popular makes are appearing in the Press. It is a time when the prospective owner puzzles his brain to discover which of the various makes on offer gives him the most value for money and when the purchaser of a little while ago, dazzled by the announcements of unheard of refinements, wishes he had deferred his buying for a few months.

So far as small and medium powered cars are concerned there is, to-day, very little to choose between the leading makes at approximately the same price. This, however, does not mean that their performances are identical in every respect.

Thus, one car may be five or even ten miles an hour faster on top under ideal conditions; but its rival with a lower maximum speed may pick up quicker and be more flexible. Another may be fitted with a gear box so fool-proof that it seems impossible to make a noise when changing, while a fourth, not quite so simple in this respect, though simple enough for all practical purposes, may be fitted with a free-wheeling device.

The standard of workmanship, so far as the leading makes in the same category are concerned, being practically the same, choice really boils down to what suits one personally. Thus, one cannot really say that make "A" is a better car than make "B." One can, however, say that make "A" suits one personally better than make "B."

Expert Advice Not Wanted

It is, therefore, so long as one keeps to a make with a good reputation, safe to disregard technical advice from motor engineers and buy what one fancies. This so-called technical advice I have, in fact, often found misleading. It is sometimes dictated by personal interests, such as the holding of a sole agency for a district. A relative of mine bought two cars on advice so tendered. In neither case was the machine equal in performance to any of the ten horse-powered mass-produced models, and in the case of the first one, which was a little more expensive than its plebeian brother, the producing firm went into liquidation not long afterwards. In the case of the second machine, he paid nearly double the price of a mass-produced vehicle and was passed by every one of them which ever started within reasonable distance of him on the road.

The purchaser of a cheap or moderately priced car must, however, be patient while he is running it in. Five hundred miles is the usual distance which the manufacturers recommend; but the new owner will do no harm to his acquisition if he extends this period to double this mileage.

He must remember, too, that it is engine revolutions which do the damage and not mere speed over the ground; consequently a speed exceeding

twenty miles an hour on third will be as harmful as one of over thirty on top. On lower gears the safe speed is proportionately reduced. The makers always issue a table showing the speeds which should not be exceeded on each gear during the running-in period; but it is surprising how few motorists take the trouble to read it.

Another fact which seems seldom to be considered is that any straining of the engine, bad at any time, is doubly so when running a car in. The driver must, therefore, be particularly careful to change down in good time on hills.

Another precaution which all owners of new cars should take is to read the instruction booklet carefully from end to end and study the oiling diagram. Many owners who have had cars before are inclined to assume that they know everything, and to leave this study neglected. But a new model nearly always has some modifications in design which will escape the owner's notice if he does not study the booklet, and a small, though important, grease cap or oil-hole is likely to be overlooked.

Queer Time for a Show

I have never understood exactly why this time of year should have been chosen to put new cars on the market, nor why the Motor Show should be held when it is. One would have thought that the public would buy more readily before the holidays than when most people's are over and that the best time for launching the new models would be before Easter when the first rush of cars on to the road always comes.

Certainly before Easter and before the holiday season are the peak times of second-hand car sales; but it may well be that a holiday-maker does not care to set out in a new machine. After all, his object is to enjoy himself, and he does not wish to spoil his fun by the irksome business of running in a new model. Anyhow, one may be sure that the manufacturers have good reasons for choosing this time.

I have often been asked whether I advise the purchase of a new car or a second-hand one, and I have always answered that, except in exceptional circumstances, a new car should be bought.

The first of the exceptional circumstances is if the prospective purchaser cannot possibly afford a new machine. In these days of easy payments, however, the man who can afford to run a car can usually afford to buy a new one. The second exceptional circumstance is when one knows all the history of the car and that it has been driven both carefully and little.

Nevertheless, it is a surprising fact that cars which have gone splendidly for previous owners seem to develop most expensive complaints when they change hands.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

BERFELDY, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonsbire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding tennis.

YLESBURY,—Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST,—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL,—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE,—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 41 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

BUTTERMERE, via Cocker-mouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLANDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE,—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF,—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY,—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN,—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE,—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 6095.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-; Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-; Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

HERNE BAY,—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY,—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH,—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN,—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales.—Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/- W.E., 30/-; Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmlaly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON,—Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFOUR HOUSE Hotel, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-; Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAPTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-; Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/-; Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., 4½. W.E., 36/-; Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-; 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to 24. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-; Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-; Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 306; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-; Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 16. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMUND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-; Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-; Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Foreminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56. Rec., 5. Din., 6/-; Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Din. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grovenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leycester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf, Leamington, 14 miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road, 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

RIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL. — Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs View. — Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire. — Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, Essex. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 2/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA. — Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE. — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. — Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. — Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK. — Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset. — The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE. — Devonshire House Hotel, Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

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SOUTHSEA, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf. Riding.

TENBY, Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Farm Against Mine in South Africa

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE quarrel between farming and industry is one of the constant factors in Dominion politics.

In both Canada and Australia their opposing interests make a sharp cleavage, and this of course is the whole cause of the secession movement in Western Australia.

In South Africa the same kind of division exists, but here the manufacturing industries are not so fully developed and it is mining and farming which are opposed.

The position is different from that in the other Dominions in that both the miner and the farmers of South Africa are exporters, while in Canada and Australia the industrialists work for a highly protected home market and the farmers provide the export trade.

In South Africa the exports of the mines are of far greater importance than the exports from the farms, so that the farmer cannot claim pride of place as the upholder of his country's vital export trade.

The division between the farms and the mines is racial as well as economic and it dates back to before the Boer war.

Boer versus Briton

It was diamonds which made the fortune of Cecil Rhodes, and it was the discovery of gold in the Rand which brought the Uitlanders into the Transvaal Republic and led to the Jameson Raid, the Boer war and the final union of South Africa under the British Crown.

The conservative Boer farmer against the British mining adventurer, who was pushing into his territory, is therefore a historic quarrel, the tradition of which still hangs over the country to-day.

"You had better not get off that cart or I will shoot," was the greeting of one old farmer to the Englishman who wanted to prospect on his land, and who eventually discovered there one of the biggest diamond mines in South Africa.

Added to the racial question there is also the feeling of rich man against poor man, for the mine owners are big capitalists and the farmers comparatively small men.

This aspect brings the farmers allies from within the mining industry. The white employees on the mines have their own interests as workers, and though their pay and standard of living are high, unlike their fellows in other countries, they have to fight on two fronts.

They have to maintain their position in relation to their employers and also prevent the horde of low paid native workers pushing them

Empire Diary

Aug. 23-Sept. 7—Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto.

Aug. 24—Film at Imperial Institute, South Kensington. "6,000 Miles Through Africa: Cape to Cairo—by road, rail, and steamer."

Aug. 25-31—Film at Imperial Institute, South Kensington: United Kingdom: Hop Gardens of Kent; Sheep's Clothing; A Cattle Auction in the Hebrides; Transport in England; Our Herring Industry; Exports of Northern Ireland.

Aug. 26—British Empire Race Meeting in honour of Empire Visitors to England, at Northolt Park Racecourse.

Main Races: British Empire Cup (500 sovereigns); The Delhi Cup (500 sovereigns); first race at 3 o'clock.

out from below. They are therefore from time to time found making common cause with the farmers, with whose ideas about the position of the natives they are in accord.

The South African farmer is in a good position to develop his exports. His fruit is ready when it is out of season in Europe, wool is already important and chilled beef is a hope for the future. However, when the depression set in, it was the mines which, through the high price of gold, were able to save the situation.

Special taxes were put on their excess profits and they carried the poverty of the rest of the country.

To the Afrikaners, with their predominant influence in the government, this seemed a splendid arrangement, but recently there have been signs that the politicians realise that it is not wise to consider the mines as the country's milch cow.

General Smuts has lately made several speeches about their great importance to the Union.

At present of course, mining in South Africa means gold. Coal, however, is a not unimportant product, and there is a great variety of other mineral deposits which may some day be developed.

Australia and Immigration

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

THAT Mr. J. A. Lyons, the Australian Prime Minister, takes back from his tour of England a strengthened conviction that British migration to the Commonwealth should be revived is apparent from the restrained optimistic views he expressed on his return to Melbourne.

It would, however, be rash to anticipate any early resumption of immigration on the scale of the immediate post-War years. I was in close touch with Mr. Lyons upon this subject throughout his English visit. He had repeatedly to deny assertions that a definite scheme to restart the flow of settlers had been broached during his consultations in Whitehall; he was at pains to discourage any premature hope of the reopening of Australia as the land of opportunity to settlers lacking capital.

If his own sense of reality had not induced caution in his approach to the question, reminders of recent failures were sharp enough to curb any exaggerated hopes. Daily, Mr. Lyons and his Ministers entered the portals of Australia House through a cordon of banner-bearers claiming to represent settlers who last year returned distressed from Victoria.

Their placards shrieked of governmental injustice, declared Australia to be a land of drought, floods and starvation, and urged a boycott of Australian goods until the grievances of deluded settlers had been remedied.

A Black Page

The Victorian settlement scheme will long remain a black page in the history of Australian immigration; there was no gainsaying the Royal Commission's scathing criticism of the land chosen and the general misguidedness of the undertaking.

In paying compensation to many of the settlers, the Commonwealth and Victorian Governments acknowledged an error which had a most damaging effect upon Australian prestige, and one which will not be forgotten when immigration is renewed.

That must be deferred until unemployment in Australia is further reduced and there is some prospect that the market for the additional production will neither contract nor remain at the present low price.

Selection of immigrants will—for their own sakes and to avoid a repetition of the anti-Australian campaign recently waged by those who returned dissatisfied—be placed on a more rigid basis than before.

Empire Wood or Russian

TWO ITEMS of news trickled through simultaneously last week.

The first was that Russia, in order to obtain credit abroad, was cutting timber prices by £2 per standard and dumping it into this country.

The second was that Great Britain has at her disposal in the Dominions

and the Colonies a forest area of nearly two million square miles. And a firm market is wanted for Empire wood.

But one big drawback faces the Empire timber producers; they pay fair wages as against the enforced labour of the Russian slave camps.

Canada has previously protested against Russian dumping in England and, I understand, may lodge another protest within a few days.

"The Empire," I was told, "can supply all the wood Great Britain needs. India and Burma could ship 2,500 varieties and Nigeria 1,000 varieties. Africa's total potentialities have yet to be exploited, but the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Gambia, East Africa, Central Africa, the Sudan and the Union itself, are all prolific.

Australian timber is also finding a wider market these days, and is being used for flooring, panelling and furniture. As for Canada, her forests are among the largest in the world, and are a correspondingly great source of wealth. The lumber industry is the fourth most important industry in gross value of products.

It ranks first in the total number of employees, second in wage and salary distribution, and third in value of capital.

Those are points which British buyers, who are reported to be "snapping up" Russia's dumped timber, should bear in mind.

In the meantime, research work is going on in the qualities of Empire woods. The Imperial Institute and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, with the Empire Timbers Committee, are experimenting. British Industries House suggests a standing exhibition in London which would exemplify recent uses and applications of Empire woods.

This, at any rate, would give the general public some idea of the quality of Empire wood, and would stimulate the demand for it.

Africa and the White Man's Religion

By "Rhodesian"

CANNOT the Missionaries in Southern Rhodesia, in their war against ignorance and heathen superstition, forget their differences and combine to teach one simple faith?

If they can, the natives would become Christians. If they cannot, the time may come when the more positive creed of Islam will drive them all from the field. It is already at the gates.

There is no native Bantu "religion" as we understand that that word. The ground, until within the last few decades, was fallow and the seeds sown by the preachers has not had to struggle with the tares of

old-established creeds as in India or China.

The natives, except perhaps the old men, are eager to learn the wisdom of the white man. And yet, under such favourable conditions, the headway made by Christianity is disappointing.

Native interest is apt to give way to perplexity and then to boredom. So many different varieties of Christianity are offered to him that the native is apt to suspect that the white man, with all his knowledge, is not too certain of the facts himself.

It cannot be doubted that the Rhodesian Government would like to see all the natives converted to the Christian faith. They do much to facilitate the efforts of the various missionaries at work in the Colony; they also endeavour to allot separate areas of influence to the different persuasions.

It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that in the multiplicity of divergent doctrines there lies a serious hindrance to the spread of Christianity.

A mere layman is tempted to wish that the various missionary bodies could come to some agreement upon the essentials of their common Faith, at least in their dealings with the natives, and forget the rest.

But how, for instance, can we expect unanimity between the Jesuits, the Church of Sweden, the Presbyterians and the Seventh Day Adventists, when within one and the same Church there are differences of doctrine and separate missionary societies? Echoes of the famous "Battle of the Diphthong" do not incline the Bantu to enter the fray on either side.

The native is pathetically ready to receive a clear and definite Gospel. He realises that he needs the moral stimulus and the wise inhibitions of Christianity, but he is bewildered by conflicting exhortations.

One of the signs that all is not well is the occasional breaking away of native pastors, or deacons, who start up churches of their own, away from any central European control and guidance.

Possibly there is a lesson to be learned from the war. In those dark days it sometimes happened that there was only one chaplain available to minister to a large number of men consisting of many different persuasions. On such occasions the "padre" did excellent work while avoiding points of doctrinal divergence.

When, as was often, there was no church or chapel available, the canteen was the usual place of worship. And so, for the period of hostilities, there came to be, on many fronts, a religious Truce of God.

Some there were who scoffingly talked of "Canteen Christianity," but these were in a small minority. For the most part these non-sectarian services were earnest and harmonious.

More About Empire Fruit

LAST week we reviewed the Imperial Economic Committee report on the production of and trade in fruit as it affected the Empire.

The Committee has now issued a bulky supplement to its weekly fruit intelligence notes in which it gives really astounding facts and figures showing the increase of *Empire Fruit* consumption in Britain.

Last year imports reached a new high level as far as raw fruit from Empire countries was concerned.

Empire imports accounted for 622,000 tons out of a total from all sources of 1,354,000 tons. This quantity represented nearly 46 per cent. as compared with the previous highest figure of 41 per cent. in 1933, and an average of only 20 per cent. in 1919-23.

Imports from Empire countries of seven different fruits, namely, grapefruit, grapes, lemons, oranges, peaches, pineapples and plums, were greater than those in any previous year, while imports of bananas were only just short of the record quantity imported in 1932, and apples, though much less than in 1933, were higher than in any other year.

Imports of fresh fruit from Canada and Australia, which consist principally of apples, were smaller in 1934 than in 1933, but there were increased supplies from South Africa, New Zealand, the British West Indies and Palestine, the aggregate quantities of fruit received from South Africa and Palestine constituting new records, while those from New Zealand and the British West Indies were heavier than in any year except 1932.

The survey, in addition to its analysis of the imported supplies of fresh fruit in the United Kingdom, contains brief reviews of the trade in other countries, and should be invaluable to all those interested in an Empire industry of growing importance.

But is this Empire fruit industry growing rapidly enough? Statistics show that fruit consumption has doubled in England in the last ten years, yet Empire fruit imports, except in few cases, have not doubled.

Often the Empire is given a very raw deal—we could quote South African oranges as one example—but now that the London representation of most of the Dominions and Colonies has been definitely strengthened, it is possible that Empire fruit will eventually oust foreign competition completely. Which, having regard to the fact that the Empire, combined with home supplies, can produce a surplus, even without foreign dumping, is as it should be.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Pacification of Malaya

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN the days when an interest in the colonies and their expansion used to be thought the unique possession of one party in domestic politics, its opponents were accustomed to condemn the British Empire as the product of war and bloodshed unfitted for the loyalty of the apostles of peace.

There is still some support for this outrageous fallacy, though it is but the result of abysmal ignorance of history. In reality, of course, comparatively little territory has been added to the Empire as a result of war, and in a large majority of cases new lands have been occupied by the peaceful extension of settlement and the only acts of war have been of the nature of police measures of pacification.

Canada, beyond the Province of Quebec, and Australia have been wholly occupied in this way and many of the Crown Colonies, too, have come within the Empire by quite peaceful means.

The most noticeable example of peaceful and successful penetration is to be found in British Malaya, where one of the most prosperous and contented portions of the King's realms has been brought under control and organised for peaceful expansion during the last half century entirely by the tactful influence and shrewd guidance of a few British residents.



Sir Frank Athelstone Swettenham, G.C.M.G., C.H., who served in Malay during period of building up British influence.



The Quay, Singapore. Being the natural gateway to the East, the port is one of the busiest and most prosperous in the world.

The post of Penang, the first of the Straits Settlements was founded by the East India Company in 1786 on previously waste land purchased from its nominal ruler. There in course of time a small trading community grew up by attracting the native merchants who valued orderly protection and stability.

The progress of Penang, however, was feeble as compared with that of Singapore, after its foundation in 1819 as the result of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles' inspiration and prophetic vision.

The new settlement on what had lain for five centuries as a desolate island jungle, attracted traders from all over the East and especially Chinese who by their industry and integrity built up a great commercial emporium and port of call.

By the beginning of the '70's Singapore's romantic beginnings had passed into staid and orderly prosperity, as an evidence of British justice and stability of government.

Not a shot had been fired in its building and no one's rights had been violated. The accomplishment was wholly one of peace.

It was, however, but a prelude to even more romantic accomplishments between 1870 and 1900. Piracy in the Malay seas was a serious evil and produced conditions of uncertainty along all those shores of the great trade route through the Straits of Malacca that were not actually parts of the British Straits Settlements.

Naval policing of the straits did not effect a permanent stoppage of the evil, for the pirates sought refuge first with one petty sultan and then another, and the incessant petty warfare between them kept the whole region in anarchy and poverty.

The Colonial Office was firmly resolved to allow of no further annexations, for the responsibility for giving good government to the many native lands already in the Empire was felt to be more than the British taxpayer ought to bear.

In those circumstances the officials in the Straits Settlements, and notably Sir Frank Swettenham, determined to try pacification by advice and suggestion where force would certainly be costly and might easily fail.

By tactful advice given to certain of the petty sultans when they were in difficulties, they were helped to overcome them and to learn that they could derive more profit for themselves and their subjects by peace than by war and piracy.

So a network of treaties gradually covered all the states of the Malay Peninsula and in less than thirty years, order and contentment were brought to reign without any replacement of native government by British officials.

The few Residents at the native courts worked entirely by their influence through native channels. Again no warlike campaign was necessary.

The result was of profound importance, not only to Malaya, but to the world as a whole. Where order was established, Chinese settlers flocked in to exploit the natural resources of the land.

Among them was tin, and the world markets were beginning to clamour for tin, partly to make tin plate for the new meat canning industry, partly to make brass for the new electrical apparatus that was being invented and extended so rapidly. Thus the principal product of the country could be sold at a great profit.

A little later came the plantation rubber-growing industry to satisfy the demands of the new motor cars. That story is a romance of peaceful Empire-building by itself, but it came later.

The pacification of Malaya had been accomplished before it began, and it gave to the Empire a new field of rich promise for peaceful development in a way that was wholly beneficial.

Abyssinia and Markets

By Our City Editor

THE preparations for an autumn boom have received a nasty setback this week, the City having apparently at last realised that the Italo-Abyssinian trouble can involve this country most unpleasantly while we continue to be enmeshed in the League of Nations. The City is now inclined to take Geneva almost seriously since verbosity can, after all, end in action—and action of a type calculated to hinder seriously Britain's economic recovery. The reaction in share prices must, all the same, be regarded as a healthy movement, for prices, particularly in the Iron and Steel section, were getting to heights from which a fall would have lasting consequences, and, while conditions at home warrant a certain amount of optimism, there are few signs of a general revival of international trade, which alone can form a sound basis for a boom in the world's stock markets.

The Stock Exchange, when it looks ahead at all, gazes so far into the distance as to discern sunshine or clouds invisible to the ordinary man, and at the moment clouds are in fashion. Any serious recession in stock and share prices will provide a good opportunity for the investor, and he can think now what are the risks he will be taking. Discrimination will point out those shares in the Iron and Steel list which are likely to appreciate in price in the unpleasant event of war and, if no war materialises, such shares are no more likely to fall in price than others in the same class. Fixed interest stocks should suffer more than any other class from threats of serious trouble, for war means dearer money, high interest rates and frenzied finance. War loan should be once again on a 5 per cent. basis, and no longer would a 3½ per cent. issue stand at 6 points over par yielding only £3 2s. per cent. to redemption.

"Hedging" Investments

Fundamental conditions in the Stock Markets remain unchanged, for money is as "cheap" as ever and there is no sign of a resumption of those stable conditions in international trade which would permit of the much desired return to the City of London of a policy of foreign lending. But events such as the Abyssinian crisis bring home to the investor the fact that the huge rise in fixed interest securities must have brought prices of such stocks very near to their peak, if, in fact, that peak

has not already been passed and the downward journey begun.

Those investors, therefore, who are in a position to change their policy according to the conditions ruling from time to time, and who are not hide-bound by Trustee and other such considerations, can hardly be making a big mistake in gradually exchanging fixed interest for variable interest securities. If trouble should come in the form of international strife, then it is possible to pick out various industrial ordinary shares which might even be favourably affected, but it is quite impossible to visualise fixed interest stocks holding their present high prices.

Imperial Chemical ordinary have been held back during the recent industrial rise by considerations connected with the reduction of capital and conversion of the deferred shares. The company is one of the largest combines manufacturing explosives in the world and would consequently make up in munition trade any losses accruing through declines in international and industrial activity. The shares at their present price return over 4½ per cent. This provides an investment and not a gamble such as might be obtained from purchase of Vickers, which at 16s. give a yield of only 2½ per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend.

Stephen Smith Results

Stephen Smith & Co., proprietors of "Hall's Wine" and "Keystone" wines, are again paying 12½ per cent. for the year on the ordinary shares, though profits are slightly below the previous year's level at £50,644. The 8 per cent. preference dividend takes £13,178 and the ordinary dividend £27,500 gross, while £14,642 is allowed for taxation and the amount to be carried forward is increased from £2,650 to £6,913. The dividend has, therefore, been amply earned in the past year. The 5s. ordinary shares stand at 12s. 9d., yielding £4 18s. per cent., while the preference at 32s. 6d. return about £4 18s. 6d. per cent. on the money.

As the ordinary dividend has been maintained for the past six years and the preference capital amounts only to £164,733, the cover for the 8 per cent. preference dividend is considerable. The balance-sheet shows a strong liquid position, though the company has distributed two capital bonuses in its history.

INSURE WITH

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CINEMA**A FRIESIAN LEGEND**

BY MARK FORREST

NEARLY all the cinemas are in the middle of the August doldrums, tiding over the slack season by keeping on their big successes or showing their more indifferent material to less critical audiences; but the Academy is an exception.

This management has a German film with English sub-titles called *Der Schimmelreiter*, or *The Rider on the White Horse*. This picture, like our own *Man of Aran*, is one of those which make an instantaneous appeal by reason of the simplicity of its theme, the austerity of its treatment and the natural quality of the acting.

The Friesians, as most people probably know, live on the sea to the North of Holland and their existence has been jeopardised since the beginning of time by the menace of the ocean. To keep their enemy within bounds they spend half their lives in constructing dykes, and it is the dyke steward who is the hero of this film.

Superstition has it that, if a dyke is to be successful, some animal must be sacrificed to the sea, and, when the steward refuses to support the villagers by allowing them to bury a dog alive in their rampart, the tragic ending is plainly in sight. It is the steward and his wife who eventually perish that the village may be saved.

Simplicity of Structure

Interwoven in the tale is the legend of the white horse and its rider which foretells disaster, but no attempt is made to stress the supernatural, so that the simplicity of the structure is maintained throughout. The pace, however, judged by our own and American standards, will appear a little slow and may not be wholly to the taste of holiday-makers in London, who probably want to see a picture with more thunder in it and less threat of it, but the photography is excellent, and the scenes unusual. The camera seems to travel naturally in and about the village and the quaint Friesian customs are brought into the film with no fanfare of trumpets and no wordy explanations.

The acting has the same unforced quality, and what exactly this means is made very apparent when the supporting film, *Turkey Time*, is shown. This is a revival of a Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce and, as it isn't Christmas, I can see no valid reason for it.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

Delightful Friesian Legend

"DER SCHIMMELREITER" (U)

(The Rider on the White Horse)

BROADCASTING**CHEAP PUBLICITY**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SINCE last week I have been trying to find out what the B.B.C.'s contribution to Radiolympia really means. I have been down to see it, and I have listened to one or two of the relays at home.

To deal with the relays first. The programmes are almost incredibly badly balanced. One would imagine that nobody in the British Isles had a mind above comedians and comedienues of a faintly red-nosed variety with a smattering of indifferently band-music, and some dancing which nobody but the audience can see or appreciate. Add to this the fact that the announcing—even when the Variety Director himself takes a hand—is execrable, and one has a pretty comprehensive picture of the B.B.C.'s activities at Olympia. If only Mr. Maschwitz and his lieutenants would have the sense to listen to the result of their labours they would have to confess that the entertainment value of these broadcasts is absolutely nil and that they are unworthy of the organisation which is sponsoring them.

The Staff on View

A visit to the exhibition itself is even more illuminating. I have never seen so many members of the B.B.C. staff exhibiting themselves to an astonished public since the exhibition first started. There they all are, flaunting themselves on the stage in "In Town To-night" for all the world as though it mattered one hoot where they were. Anything more painfully amateurish I hope I may never see.

What is it, one has to ask, that makes the B.B.C. boys so anxious for publicity? What reason have they to suppose that the public wishes to hear their names or, having heard, is likely to remember them? What is this sinister urge that drives them to creep and intrude and climb into the public eye? If only they could be made to realise that they are very ordinary people in whom the public as a whole has no earthly interest and that the vast majority of listeners would rather hear a good show anonymously presented than know the surnames of any of the self-important, overpaid and underdone Jacks-in-office at Portland Place, we should not be treated to the undignified spectacle of all these interviews, photographs, this growing spate of cheap and self-sought publicity.

If only some of these mediocrities would spend a little more of their time exercising what intelligence they have on the jobs they have been fortunate enough to obtain and a little less in hobnobbing with gossip-writers, paragraph hunters, sycophants and plain humbugs, the programmes might reach some reasonable standard. So long as Broadcasting House is just one gigantic Narcissus complex, so long we shall wallow in the depths of inefficiency and vulgarity.

"DIFFERENT" HOLIDAYS**FLYING CAN BE CHEAP**

BY 'BLENHEIM'

ONE of the difficulties in the way of aviation in this country is that it is too expensive. Flying is still a luxury confined chiefly to business men going to Paris for a week-end (I shudder to think at the indignant letters from aeroplane companies which this will bring in, but I still stick by it!) and the average man in the street would no more think of going in a 'plane than he would think—of flying!

But, believe me, it is one of the most exhilarating sensations you can imagine. Personally, I prefer an open 'plane, as being more fun, but for the average passenger a closed-in 'plane is better—at first, at any rate.

Miss Benson, the novelist, recently spent a six-weeks' holiday wandering about European airways. She wrote an interesting book about it with a silly title, but the main point is that she did it for £90. If you can spare the £90 and the six weeks, then I envy you, and will give you the name of the book on application, because it is a perfect guide on how to enjoy yourself for less than £100 in Holland, Sweden, Bulgaria, Germany and Austria.

Why Not Jersey?

But, if money is scarce, I have another suggestion to make which should interest you. Why not fly to Jersey, and spend a week there or in one of the other Channel Islands? It costs £5 return to Jersey from Heston, on a very modern 'plane service, and if you have never flown before it would be your best introduction. I went myself a few weeks ago on a new DH Dragon 86, and it is an experience which I would like to repeat.

A holiday in the Channel Islands is of itself a thing of delight, but not so very "different" in itself. But to fly there makes all the difference. (You can fly to the Isle of Wight or the Isle of Man if you prefer, but the principle is the same.) One is taken to Heston from the London Coaching Station, and there your adventure begins.

There is a thrilling flight over Surrey and Sussex, the Isle of Wight shines in the sunshine beneath you, half an hour over the Channel—and with a bird-like swoop you land on the sand at St. Helier, thrilled with your adventure.

Last year Jersey Airways ran a 'plane every hour in the season, and had to refuse bookings, but three DH 86 'planes have now been added to the service, and these can do the whole trip in just over the hour. The people of the islands and the visitors there take a naïve delight in the 'plane service, and your arrival is watched by a large crowd which makes you feel like a visiting potentate.

If you have never flown before, you needn't be nervous. There is no sensation of giddiness at your height, because there are no vertical lines to lead you to earth, as there are over a large cliff as you look down. And as to safety—well, flying statistics show that British flyers are the safest and best in the world.

THEATRE NOTES**"Tulip Time"**

Alhambra

THERE are so many adapters, re-adapters, lyric-writers, and additional lyric-writers who have helped to construct this rather ingenuous musical play that the authors of the original play would in all probability hardly recognise their own work. The result of this somewhat extensive collaboration is harmless, if not particularly exciting. It is hardly worth while to describe the plot which, as in the case of most modern musical comedies, is remarkable rather for its incidental trimmings than for any noticeable continuity of purpose.

Fortunately, the exigencies of the story demand that Steve Geray and George Gee should forsake their customary male habiliments and assume those of the weaker sex. Steve Geray is one of those electric comedians whose apparently inexhaustible supply of vitality cannot even be swamped by the unaccustomed eccentricities of female apparel. George Gee is one of those surprised-looking comedians whom I find it very difficult to resist. While they were on the stage all was comparatively well. That excellent artist, Sydney Fairbrother, had practically nothing to do and did it with that consummate skill which one always associates with her work. But it was hardly "a Sydney Fairbrother part."

For the rest, there were some very efficient windmills, some tulips, some dancing by Wendy Toye and some totally inoffensive music. And that is just about all. C.S.

**If you are off Your Game
Here's a Remedy**

**Six Golfing Shots
by
Six Famous Players**

*Edited by
Bernard Darwin*

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"Speaking for myself, when I am off my game,
I always go back to it."
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WEAK LINKS

By a Naval Officer

THE seaman who does not periodically survey his ship's cable, who tolerates weak links, is no seaman at all. He is a danger to all and will probably end as meat for sharks. So it is with statesmen who neglect the Navy—the chain which holds together the Empire and protects it against the blustering winds and currents of world affairs.

But our so-called statesmen have done just this. For more than a decade the Navy has been atrociously neglected.

More, these same "statesmen" have gone out of their way to sign treaties designed to ensure that this chain shall contain the maximum possible number of weak links. Now, nothing less than a new chain is needed, and that quickly, lest the British Empire meets with the fate of the bad seaman and becomes sharks' meat.

It is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation. The number of our capital ships—the ultimate arbitrators in sea warfare—has been reduced to fifteen. That means that we have but one real fleet to guard our interests on the seven seas. Moreover, this figure of fifteen capital ships is a paper one only. Thirteen of these ships are old and in urgent need of replacement. Because treaties forbid us to replace them, they have to spend months and even years in dockyards being "modernised" so far as possible. The result is that at any one time there are never more than twelve of our capital ships available for duty at sea.

In 1930 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald suddenly decided that those who made a study of the protection of the Empire knew nothing of their task when they said that seventy ships represented the minimum requirements in cruisers. The armchair strategist said fifty, and promptly signed away the security of the trades routes. But this figure of fifty cruisers is again a paper figure. Other clauses were inserted in the London Treaty which prevented us from having fifty adequate cruisers. We were not allowed to replace all our old ships. This meant that, had the situation remained unchanged, we should next year have thirty-six modern cruisers and fourteen old cruisers unfit to meet foreign cruisers.

But the situation did not remain unchanged. Other nations built larger and more powerful cruisers, so that the First Lord of the Admiralty had to announce in the House of Commons that he was compelled to change our building programme so as to include ships which would not be "definitely inferior" to foreign construction. But the London Treaty contained provision for a maximum cruiser tonnage to be reached.

Thus the building of these large cruisers again cut down our numbers, while the need for producing as many cruisers as possible forced us to continue to build ships acknowledged to be "definitely inferior" as well as the new and more powerful class.

The London Treaty expires at the end of next year, and by that time we shall have forty-nine cruisers. Fourteen of these will be old and very inferior ships, and twelve will be ships of the classes referred to by the First Lord of the Admiralty as "definitely inferior" to the latest foreign construction.

In destroyers and submarines it is the same thing. During last year an exercise had to be cancelled owing to the inability of the old destroyers to maintain speed in bad weather. Many of our men are still going to sea in submarines of a class with which we began the Great War. Even the first principle of homogeneity of destroyer flotillas has been violated by the politicians. The blue pencil of economy was put through a building programme, cutting it exactly in half without any reference to naval requirements.

The result is a destroyer flotilla composed half of old war-time craft and half of modern ships of higher speed and greater fighting power.

Thus the British Navy to-day consists of a small and highly efficient nucleus hedged about by a mass of old and inferior tonnage which is more likely to prove a liability to the whole in time of war than an assistance to those who try to defend the Empire in spite of the depredations of the politicians. It is high time we set about making sure that our safety and the lives of our men are not risked by inferior material, and the only way is to rebuild the major portion of our Navy. We must remember Colonel. Material counts.

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the **"SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!**

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the **MONARCHY—which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to **DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL"** which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**